JOHN BULL

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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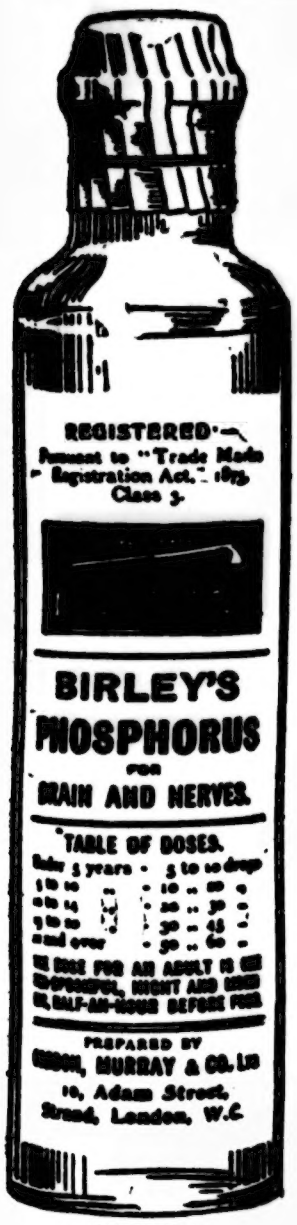

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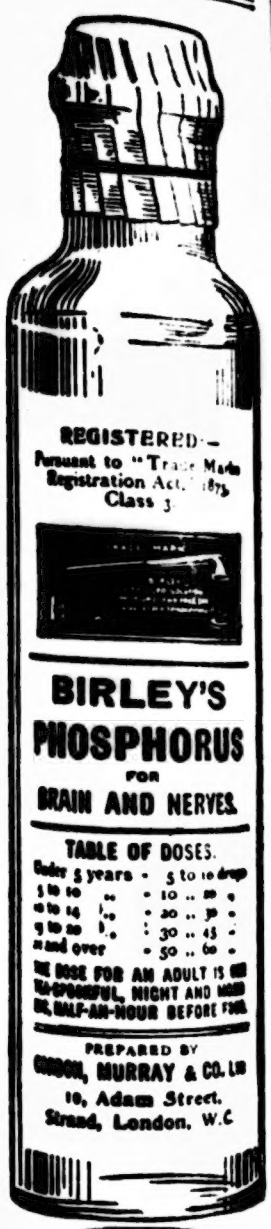

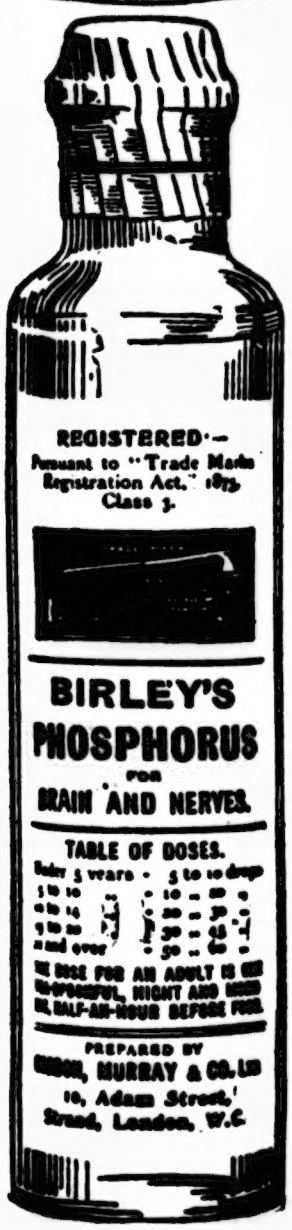

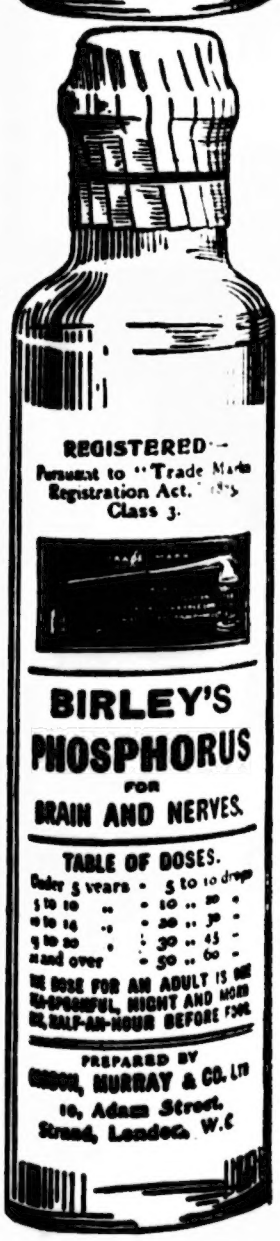

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. VII. No. 166. Saturday, August 7th, 1909. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We are great believers in international amenities. They are better than politics. But when we find that it cost the nation £5,601 19s. 8d. to entertain the Prime Minister of Nepal, we cannot help thinking that it might have got better value for the money.

It is evidently quite hopeless to go to the papers for news. One day we are told that Don Alfonso's popularity had been completely restored and almost immediately afterwards it reported that he had been "wildly hooted" in the streets of Madrid. Now, Don Jaime!

Mr. Lloyd George complains that the brewers will not meet him to discuss the Licensing portion of the Finance Bill. But how could *he* meet *them?* Didn't he describe them, a year ago, as being on the side of Hell against Heaven—with a few other compliments of the kind thrown in? After this, a friendly conference, just as though nothing had happened, would almost make politics look like a mere game—and that would never do!

And, by the way, the Chancellor of the Exchequer doesn't, after all, think any good purpose would be served by the appointment of a Committee to enquire into the subject of unclaimed balances and securities in the hands of the banks. Oh, dear us! And oh! for that Business Government!

The examination of the Censor has signed the death-warrant of the censorship.

But the Committee was ill-advised to call Mr. Shaw, and thus afford him further opportunities of self-advertisement. He is the one remaining pretext for the continuance of a censorship. His statement that the immoral play, from his point of view, was the only play worth writing was probably intended for an epigram. As a matter of fact it was only silly and true. Mr. Law's attempt to save Shaw's face by suggesting that immoral meant non-customary was silly without even being true.

In our opinion anything allowed in a newspaper should be allowed on the stage. Plays only command comparatively small audiences, whereas newspapers reach millions. Yet what a squealing there would be if the Press were debarred from the discussion of politics and religion. Mr. Redford would suppress the *Christian* as well as the *Freethinker*, the *Spectator* as well as the *Sporting Times*. His next job, we hope, will be to suppress himself.

As we have so often observed, we are no authority upon Church matters, just as a member of Parliament should represent all churches—although technically responsible for only one—the journalist who claims to speak in the name of John Bull should know no sect or creed. Hence, we endeavour to hold the scales evenly between all competitors for the souls of the people. We, therefore, willingly publish the following letter, which came to us the other day:—

July, 1909.

> If you are a patriot, you will lead public attention to the EVIL which is going on in our midst. He had something given him which rendered him unable to speak or to swallow. Any who dare to oppose the Pope, or what is worse, the power behind him. The Jesuits are frequently thus silenced! *And Englishmen are blind.* Rome boasts that she never changes.
>
> SEMPER EADEM.

Now, what is all the fuss about? Enclosed in our correspondent's letter was a newspaper cutting calling attention to the treatment by the Catholic Church of the late Father Tyrrell. As everybody knows, Father Tyrrell was a somewhat unorthodox member of the Catholic Church, with the result that its rites were withheld from his burial, and that a brother priest, who had been an old friend, has got into serious trouble for having dared, without the assumption of any ecclesiastical vestment or habit, to say a few prayers over the grave. All this has brought forth, even from a member of the Catholic Church, a terrible tirade against "Papal vindictiveness," and "the spies, informers and professors of mendacity by whose agency the Pope governs his 'docile flock of sheep.'" Well, it is not for us to interfere, We will only express the hope, and the firm belief, that, despite this acrimonious controversy, the soul of Father Tyrrell is resting in peace.

So Latham is a Frenchman after all! Too bad of him. But it modifies our annoyance over Blériot's success.

The *Morning Post* has taken to writing allnight as one word. Soon the scribes who employ the barbarism alright will doubtless be stopping out alnight.

A silly person, named John Newton, has been writing to the papers to prove that the reduction of licences means less drunkenness—and this is how he does it. Comparing the year 1907 with 1903, there were 20,156 less prosecutions for drunkenness, and comparing the number of licences for the same two years, there was a reduction of 5,249. That is to say, there was a reduction of four drunks in a year for each public-house closed, so that by shutting up the house, losing the rates, putting a man and his wife out of a job, with, perhaps, a barmaid and a potman as well, and causing inconvenience to a large number of sober citizens, we get this stupendous result. Hardly good enough.

Mr. Cluer heard summonses the other day against three Islington shopkeepers, charged with selling beet crystals as Demerara sugar. During the course of the hearing the magistrate took the view that beet sugar was as good as Demerara, and that "Demerara had become a general name which most respectable grocers used in a general way for sugar," therefore there was little need to treat the summonses seriously. To our mind this has all the appearance of slander upon the respectable grocers, who would probably tell Mr. Cluer that beet is no more Demerara than margarine is butter, or cabbage tobacco, or logwood and vinegar claret, or Hambro' spirit Jamaica rum, or naphtha lovely Scotch whisky. Dishonesty in ha'porths is too general to justify Mr. Cluer in treating it lightly; and it is pretty certain that a man who gets magisterial protection for selling beet as Demerara will soon be selling chalk as cheese, and Mrs. Jones's vanished cat as unrivalled Ostend rabbit.

Not very long ago it was placed upon the records of the Fulham Board of Guardians that accounts were not to be altered after they had passed the Finance Committee and are signed by the members. Yet once again it turns out that a clerk has corrected an entry and altered the total after the accounts have been certified by the Guardians as correct. No doubt Mr. Edward Armfield, one of the Guardians, used a strong word when he charged that this was a falsification of accounts; because if the act of alteration was to put them *right* it could not be falsification at all. The falsification—not, of course, in the criminal sense—actually took place when the Guardians signed and passed inaccurate accounts. That it is possible for such a thing to be done indicates a careless and slipshod method of business which, unless it is altered without delay, may one of these days result in serious mischief. Enough said.

The Medical Superintendent of the Notts County Asylum offers the chance of a lifetime to a suitable person. "Attendant required, clarionet player," he says in an advertisement, "*previous experience not necessary*. Wages commence £28 per annum, with uniform, board and lodging." It is certainly news that people do not need experience to play a clarionet; but perhaps they don't in German bands and lunatic asylums, anyway. In any case, why a clarionet especially? Why not an attendant who can bang a drum, or play the bagpipes, or discourse tuneful tones upon the trombone? Still, if the clarionet is good for lunatics, so let it be. We will have it tried immediately upon one or two people who bother us with "poetry."

Golfers had better avoid the links at Maryport. Not only have the caddies struck for 4d. in place of 3d. a round, but they have posted on the club-house door this awful threat: "In future any member paying less than 4d. will be thrown into the beck." Players now know the difference between a foursome and a fearsome.

We are not disposed to disagree with the Mayor of Wokingham, that the treatment accorded to a casual in the local workhouse charged with inefficiently performing his task was scarcely human. The man explained that he came to Wokingham from Wallingford, where his last meal was dry bread. All he had to eat during his tramp was bread. Arriving at Wallingford he had bread and water, and the next morning he had bread and water for breakfast. The dinner diet was varied with an ounce and a half of cheese. In the evening he had more bread and water, and on the Saturday morning, when he felt unequal to his task, he had bread and water again. Now bread is good and water is good, but in this case we do think the Guardians might have broken the monotony of the menu by giving the poor devil an occasional feed of hay or firewood.

It is a pity the Westminster magistrate does not on occasion condescend to explain his achievements. To take a case. A few days ago we caught him convicting and fining a woman for not sending her child to school, though there was scarlet fever in the house, and she held a doctor's certificate that it was unsafe to send the child. And what is the object of the Education Authority in prosecuting in such cases? If it is to encourage parents to send their children to school while suffering from contagious and infectious diseases they are certainly taking the right course, and our heartiest congratulations are with them.

It is a great pity that some of our big landlords absolutely refuse to read the signs of the times; that, like the Bourbons, they will neither forget nor learn. The only way in which effectively to prevent moderate middle-class and working-class opinion ranging itself on the side of Socialism is for the landlords to show a sense of their responsibilities as well as of their rights. We referred the other day to the recent closing of footpaths and the shooting of trespassers. Now we find a large landowner in the Knowle district compelling the abandonment of Territorial manœuvres because the troops in passing over his land might do a little damage to the crops and frighten some of his birds! How can such men expect the Terriers to fight in defence of their estates in time of war, if, whilst actually preparing themselves, they are warned off in times of peace?

The decision of the County magistrates in the Beeston shooting case is one of those flagrant instances of mercy by means of which the Great Unpaid make a ridiculous public exhibition of themselves from time to time. In this instance it was a case of game laws, so the explanation must probably be the old one that magistrates regard the preservation and protection of game as a duty sacred above all others. It is not questioned that the men seen by the gamekeeper on the estate had no right there; nor is it questioned that on seeing him they commenced to run. But did this fact justify the keeper deliberately raising his gun, taking aim, and firing lead into the men at a distance of 30 yards? If the keeper had been more unfortunate in his aim, and had killed his man, that would have been murder, and he would have had about as fair a chance of being hanged as any other murderer. By good luck the man recovered from his wounds. The solicitor put up for the gamekeeper told the magistrates that he had offered the victim compensation. But the compensation offered was obviously made so that it might be urged on behalf of the accused as evidence of contrition and liquidated damages if and when the case came into Court as a criminal charge. Even so, the money offered in compensation of being all but murdered might at least have been adequate. Instead, it commenced at £5, and progressed by stages of a few shillings to £10, only to be refused by the victim.

All these facts were before the magistrates. They knew quite well that this gamekeeper had deliberately shot at these men in the field without the smallest atom of justification; that, in fact, he had shot at them as he would have shot at a bird or a rabbit. The charge was only saved from being one of murder by the merest chance. The offer of compensation was not for the moment in question. All that the magistrates had to do, if they had taken the correct perspective of their duty, was to send this man for trial, just as they would probably have done if the game laws had not been in question. As it was, they inflicted upon him a ridiculous fine. The decision of the magistrates is not justice at all, but a monstrous caricature of justice. By inference it means that every Beeston gamekeeper who sees a trespasser upon an estate he is set to guard may deliberately shoot him if a slight charge is paid to the magistrate for shooting rights. If the Crown can open the case in any way it should do so in the public interest. We regard the decision as a grave miscarriage of justice.

By the way, a Nottingham correspondent propounds the following problem:—If a man gets fourteen days for shooting a bunny rabbit, and a gamekeeper is fined £5 for deliberately shooting a man he finds on a game preserve, what would a common working man get if a country J.P. trespassed on his potato patch and he heaved half a brick at him for treading on his murphies? Another easy one. He would be discharged without a stain on his escutcheon.

There are still people who think that our English seaside resorts are a little dull, compared with foreign places of entertainment. Yarmouth is bent on altering all this. Henceforth we need not go abroad. We only need go to Yarmouth. Many people go there already; more, we feel sure, will rush down to Bloater Town when they hear the latest news. Yarmouth has granted a licence to display himself daily for three shows of two hours each to John Trundley, the fat boy of Peckham. The chairman of the local bench said he thought the hours too long. He fears that John Trundley's health may break down under the strain. We are moved to pity, not of John Trundley, but of the poor silly people, who on their scant holidays can find no better occupation than staring open-mouthed at an abnormally stout youth. There are lots of things worth seeing, if not in Yarmouth itself, thereabout. We should hardly place John Trundley at the top of the list.

We observe that Mr. Popp, the High Wycombe barber and newsagent, is again triumphant. For eight years the local police have been prosecuting Popp for Sunday trading, under the Statute of Charles, and for eight years the local magistrates have been fining Popp to their heart's content. But Popp has always refused to pay the fine. The only thing which can be done with Popp is to pop him into the stocks, but as High Wycombe has no stocks, Popp has Sunday-traded in flagrant defiance of council, and police, and magistrates, and bailiffs, and laughed up his sleeve a great laugh. For one brief and critical moment last week it did look as if Popp was in danger. For one, G. W. Pearce, thinking it a pity that Popp should reduce all the mighty to nought, was good enough to offer to present to the Corporation a complete set of stocks of antique pattern, fixed free of all costs to the Corporation, in any reasonable position they cared to select. There was a discussion in Council, the fortunate result for Popp being, in the words of Alderman Birch, "stocks are off." Otherwise he might presently have found himself sitting at the receipt of stale egg and odorous cabbage water, by order of the magistrates. The facts being as they are, the police had better leave Popp alone.

Everybody has heard of the Rev. A. N. Cooper, "the Walking Parson," who lives in Yorkshire, and spends his holidays acquiring health and education by tramping about his own and other countries. We note that in his latest book, "A Tramp's Schooling," although himself a teetotaler in England (and only a moderate wine-drinker when abroad), he gives the "Temperance" fanatics some nasty knocks. For instance, he appreciates at its true value that wicked place, the English pub. "Though a total abstainer," he says, "I always make for the place where intoxicants are sold. Perhaps I think the company pleasanter." And a good judge too! In fact, as he admits later, he always finds at licensed premises "a good fire by which to dry his clothes," and a courteous young lady behind the bar ready to do all she can to make him feel at home. He reminds us that many worthy Englishmen have had a weakness for good inns. Moreover, dealing with his Swedish travels, he disposes entirely of the argument that cheap, easily-available liquor means drunkenness. "The urn of spirits stands on the table and the Swede helps himself *ad lib.*," drinks beer with his dinner and punch with his coffee. "But," says Mr. Cooper, "I never saw a Swede the worse for drink." He spent seventeen days walking from the North Sea to the Baltic. "In that time," he declares, "I never saw a beggar, or a drunken man, notwithstanding the cheapness of liquor." An ounce of honest fact like this is worth a ton of hypocritical Whittakerian theory.

We are appreciative of sincerity wherever we find it, and in whatever language it may be expressed. The Vicar of St. John's, Plumstead, appears to be a parson to whom church service seems something more than lip service. As a politician, too, he makes no bones about his creed. He says he was born a Conservative, will live a Conservative, and die a Conservative; that whenever the Conservatives want his Sunday-school room they can have it; that if there are any Radical sheep's-heads in the world who will again return the present member to Parliament, he hopes they won't be found in Woolwich and Plumstead, anyhow; and that a Radical sheep's-head is a sheep's-head cut in halves and the brains scraped out. Will the rev. gentleman kindly inform us what is a Conservative sheep's-head?

Having given one side of the wages question at the Press where they print the Bible, we are honourably bound to give the other, the other being that of the late "father" of the "companionship." Without going into particulars, he practically says the wages paid are quite satisfactory to everybody concerned except those who will grumble at anything and everything. As to the compositor who, it was stated at the inquest, committed suicide because he "could not earn enough money to meet his needs," it is now said he was at the Press for a few weeks only, was in ill-health while he was there, and, nevertheless, earned 26s. a week, "20s. of which," says the late father with curious particularity, "he kept for his own personal use." So we will leave it there.

There is about the editor of the *St. John's Parish Magazine*, Woolwich, a business-like air which may (or may not) be appreciated by vicars, curates, and all congregations committed to their charge. For instance, we read in its spiritual pages that "Mr. ——, chemist, dentist, and oculist, of ——, has become an advertiser. I am sure that our readers will patronise his shop, and keep up our reputation as helpers of those that help us. The following advertisers have dropped out: John Bull [not us, for we have never dropped in], and ——, fishmonger, so our obligation to these ceases." This is practical Christianity with a vengeance.

In connection with the administration of the Pensions Act, the Birmingham Sub-Committee have given seven clerkships, not to unemployed clerks, but to clerks already employed by the Council, who do the work as overtime. An unemployed clerk who made application for one of the posts states that in six months the average overtime paid to the seven officials amounted to £160 each, or £1,120 in the lump. Does this mean that in all Birmingham there is not one single unemployed clerk of good character capable of doing the work? What otherwise is the explanation? Here was an opportunity to rescue at least seven out-of-works from the pinch of poverty, and yet the Committee apparently has the acquiescence of the Council. We should like to hear its explanation.

One of our proposals for raising revenue, the amusement tax, we note, is causing a little talk in Paris just now. They have a relief or charity tax on theatrical entertainments; and the managers have discovered that the public ought to pay it. Of course, in the long run, the public always does pay all taxation, disguise it as you will. The point to be considered by a prudent Chancellor, after he is clear that a particular section of the community can bear the imposition, is whether the public will notice that it is paying. Theatre seats are more a luxury than beer, or whisky, or tobacco, and a small graduated stamp duty upon the high-priced tickets would be easy of collection and its incidence almost unfelt.

There are rumours in Paris that in addition to paying £12,000,000 in bonuses on babies, the French Government in a forthcoming Bill will propose that no Civil servant or municipal official shall be appointed to office until he is the parent of three children, and that "this stipulation shall apply to women officials as well as to men." It is no affair of ours; but we assume that the Government will also stipulate that, as a preliminary, they must get married. And is there to be any special fund for the sustenance of those who are left widows or widowers as the result or over-effort to comply with the State regulation?

What is a "pick-up"? You would never guess—unless, as the Irishman said, you knew already. The description was applied to two young men concerned in a case at Blackburn the other day. The magistrate was puzzled, as magistrates will be in such contingencies. "And what is a pick-up?" he asked. Here is the definition: "A pick-up is a male person who makes stray acquaintanceships with those of the opposite sex at the seaside or elsewhere." Evidently a near connection of the female person known as a "flapper" in this country, in Germany by a word meaning a "wallflower," and in France by one that may be translated as "a demi-semi-virgin." There must be a lot of "pick-ups" strolling about the piers of England "or elsewhere" at the present time. Nor does the supply of amiable "flappers" seem to be in danger of immediate exhaustion.

Deep down in the worst of us, as on the surface of the best of us, is a vast deal of saving Grace. At Loughborough, recently, a labourer was committed for trial on a charge of stealing a quantity of cigarettes. The other day, a Birmingham tramp appeared before the Leicester magistrates and was charged on his own confession with stealing the cigarettes. "I don't want an innocent man to suffer," he said; whereupon an approving bench let him off with a day's imprisonment, "which meant his freedom at the rising of the court." Was it not Bishop Creighton who said that while the good are never quite as good as they think they are, the wicked are never quite as wicked as the good believe them to be?

If the British people allow themselves to be hustled gradually into the tyranny of Prohibition—which is the real aim of the organised total abstainers in this country—they will have only themselves to blame. Some of the speeches at the Anti-Alcohol Congress left no shadow of doubt as to the intention of our own extremists, if not prevented, to follow in the footsteps of their hysterical Yankee exemplars. A New Jersey (U.S.A.) speaker admitted that over there "even sixteen years ago" they had no idea that by gradual stages they would be able to bring about Prohibition within a measurable period. "Now," he said, "it is a practical certainty." Over 11,000 saloons were closed last year; and the American Sheet Steel Company, "after a few hours' deliberation," passed a resolution "requiring"—not requesting—"that the whole of their 15,000 men should at once sign the total abstinence pledge." Such are the methods of Triumphant Democracy and the equally Triumphant Temperance Trusts in the Great Republic. What the American Sheet Steel Company did, we shall have similar corporations over here trying to do, with the aid of teetotal political wire-pullers, unless, they are told at once that the British working-man is not having it. The American working-man, despite all the clap-trap we hear about him and his marvellous country, must be one of the most gutless serfs on the face of the earth.

Not long ago the Hull police took proceedings against a firm publishing picture postcards on the ground of indecency. One of the cards to which objection was taken represented a pretty little child of perhaps two years garbed in innocency, but midway covered by a partially closed sunshade, which he held in his hand. The picture, entitled "Mamma's Darling," was exceedingly pretty, and not the slightest objection could reasonably be made to it by any decent-minded person. But it was pronounced indecent by the Hull Stipendiary, and the firm had to withdraw it to avoid conviction. Judge then of the indignation of Mrs. Grundy and the unco' guid of Hull on finding that the architect of the new Police Court buildings has erected over the entrance a carving of two naked children gambolling around the mace. The Stipendiary is also understood to be awfully shocked, and in course of the next week or so we expect to hear of the Nonconformist Conscience rushing down armed with opera glasses, telescopes and binoculars.

Apparently Tommy Atkins knows what discipline means at the Curragh. It would not be an excess of language, indeed, to describe it in many instances as sheer brutality. Recently a private, named Jackson, cut his throat while serving a term of 168 hours' imprisonment for the grave offence of being absent from morning parade. During the whole period of his imprisonment the food given to him was bread and gruel, "with the exception that twice potatoes and pudding of the same weight were substituted." It was given in evidence at the inquest that all this was strictly "in accordance with the regulations." No wonder the coroner remarked that the sooner the regulations were altered the better. "At all events," he added, "you would have more recruits, and we should have fewer inquests"; for within a fortnight there have been no fewer than seven. The War Office holds out to recruits the most glorious prospects, yet over and over again it has been proved that in some camps and in some regiments commanding officers award the most severe punishment for the slightest offences, with the result that Tommy feels himself brutalised and degraded. In a rider to their verdict in this case the jury expressed the opinion that "they did not consider sufficient nourishing food was supplied to prisoners while detained for trivial offences." Mr. Haldane will be well advised to give the matter serious consideration.

Apropos the recent article which we published on trial by jury, the following letter tells an eloquent story :—

I had the misfortune to be called at the recent Assize, and served on a case of robbery with violence. The accused, a youth of 18 years, was, according to the evidence, undoubtedly guilty, but came of a respectable family, and although the jury in their hearts believed him guilty, they returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." It has been on my conscience ever since, and although the last to cave in I am troubled and feel quite guilty for doing so. One juryman declared he would be the judge of no man. As eleven to one I suppose I did right to cave in, but here was a jury unfit to do duty, because the defence threw a shadow of doubt which any sane man could see through if he cared, but which sympathy for the accused over-ruled.

Referring to a recent communication in our columns from a Colonial farmer proposing marriage, a correspondent sends us a copy of a proposal made to his sister, an English lassie, by a Boer farmer. "Dear Miss," says this ardent Romeo, "We haf seen by de paper dat you was win one big fortin, we was sending you our congratulatings, and I was love you ever since you won de prize. I is a Boer farmer, and I was got plenty of sheeps and goats and oxes and hens and one big farm, and I was look for one dear little wifes and I see your name and like it very much. Will you marry me and I will send de passage monies. I could send you plenty of monies besides, but de locustes have eaten all my grass and two of my oxes die with starvations. I wants very much to be married but I do not want the Boer vrouws. I wants the English girl, which I hopes I shall get as I am lonely with my cattles." Sad to say, he didn't get her.

We have been shown a copy of the *Shenstone Parish Magazine*, and are glad to see that it contains congratulations for a parishioner who recently rode two winners at a race-meeting. That is the right attitude for making the Church popular.

In our issue of July 17th we said, "M. Louis Bleriot is bound to become one of the leading aviators." At that time few people had heard of the gallant Frenchman. If you see it in JOHN BULL . . . !

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT" :—

The squire was celebrating the coming of age of his son, and had directed that each of the tenants should have a glass of champagne, but as they were short of glasses at the village inn, the wine was served in tankards. Giles placed the pewter to his lips and then, with an appreciative smack, remarked to his companion, "Thank goodness, old Jack has changed his brewer at last."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND ITS SHYNESS IN TACKLING THE TRAFFIC IN OLD HORSES.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that "from over 1,000 *throats there rose the strains of the National Anthem in one volume, which completely drowned the* MUSIC,"
THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "there WAS *only one hen in the village, and that one* HAD PERISHED *of old age,"*
MAURICE BARING (in *THE MORNING POST*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising a "drum and FRIGHT *band,"*
THE MANAGERS OF THE GRAND STREET CARNIVAL AT STONE
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the rain ASCENDED *in torrents,"*
THE MEXBOROUGH AND SWINTON TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying to a witness, "If you take my advice you won't go to BATHE *again until you can swim,"*
MR. H. R. JACKSON, CORONER FOR HOLDERNESS,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting "frequent FLASHES *of* THUNDER,"
THE SURREY COMET
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "there was at one time a scene of great confusion among the audience, several ladies fainting and others screaming, while all gazed on a fierce fight for life,"
THE GLASGOW NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising for "*DECEASED *wardrobes, furniture, plate," etc.,*
LEWIS SALMON, OF WESTBOURNE GROVE.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a defendant "had neither a lighted lamp nor anything else ON,"
P. C. DUGDALE (per *PEEL CITY GUARDIAN*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "all the white keys were BLACK,"
MR. T. W. MOORE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For inviting tenders for the tar spraying of streets, the "tenders to state price per super yard with and WITHOUT MATERIALS AND LABOUR,"
DAVID EDWARDS, BOROUGH ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR OF TAUNTON,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving (at Willesden Athletic Sports) a box of cigarettes as third prize in a race for boys under ELEVEN,
MR. HEMSEY, OF HARLESDEN ROAD,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advertisement in the "Peterborough Advertiser": "Wanted, young lady, well up in hosiery ploughing tackle; none but competent and steady men need apply,"
B. ALLEN AND SON, OF SAWTRY,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For relating in a short story in "The Regiment": "Robinson had had his arms hacked off by a 6 ft. Pathan's knife" and then proceeding to tell how "Robinson FOLDED HIS ARMS,"
FLORENCE BOHUN,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following Parliamentary report: "Earl Winterton said that as the Chairman had ruled that Mr. Thorne was in a fit state he would withdraw nothing, and I call him the absolute liar Mr. Keir Hardie, and Mr. Thorne cried: 'He has he is!'"
THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.

UNIQUE AND TIMELY COMPETITION.

FORMATION BY OUR READERS OF A "BUSINESS GOVERNMENT."

The idea of a Business Government is in the air. People are sick and tired of the old Party game—the eternal Ins and Outs, with all the principal prizes to the lawyers and the professional politicians.

It is just dawning on the public mind that the First Lord of the Admiralty should be a practical sailor; the Secretary for War, an experienced soldier; the President of the Board of Trade, a man of commerce; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a financier—with a similarly qualified man at the head of every other department of the State.

A General Election is drawing near. It may be the last which will ever be conducted on the old lines. The King—most sagacious of statesmen—may, in the near future, "send," not for some Party Leader, whose side has, by virtue of the better "cry," obtained a temporary advantage at the polls, but, one by one, for a dozen, or more, men of capacity and good repute, and ask each of them to accept a portfolio of office for a period of five years—subject only to his retaining the confidence of Parliament during that period.

Is the idea practicable? We wish our readers to answer the question. We are going to assume that a General Election takes place towards the end of the present year, and that, being over, the King is called upon to form a new Ministry. How should it be constituted? First, of what posts should it consist, and, secondly, who should be invited to fill them? There is no reason why the present system should be adhered to. The thing is to divide the business of the country into convenient departments and place the right men at the their head. We propose to give, for a reason which will appear below, a selection of ten of such departments. They are as follow:—

Minister for Naval Affairs.
Minister for Military Affairs.
Minister for Home Affairs.
Minister for Foreign Affairs.
Minister for Colonial Affairs.
Minister for Indian Affairs.
Minister of Labour.
Minister of Commerce.
Minister for Municipal Affairs.
Minister of Finance.

Now, what we want our readers to do is to allot these posts to the most suitable men, and we will reward them by distributing

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

in the following way:—

In this and the three succeeding issues of JOHN BULL—that is to say, in each of the August numbers—will be found a coupon containing a list of the posts selected from our model Cabinet. Readers must cut out such coupon, fill in the names of the men most suitable, in their opinion, for the posts, and then forward the coupon to us. It is not necessary that every post should be filled up. Just think of the best man for any particular office and fill in his name. Then do the same with another office until you have completed the Cabinet as far as you can. NO COUPON MUST CONTAIN MORE THAN ONE NAME FOR ONE POST, but any number of coupons may be filled up.

All coupons must reach us by SEPTEMBER 1ST. They will then be carefully scrutinised by a special staff, One Hundred Pounds being allotted to each post, for distribution amongst those readers who have selected the man securing the greatest number of votes. This will absorb the whole Thousand Pounds—the money, it will be seen, being apportioned entirely by our readers themselves. It will also be observed that a reader who selects only one Minister is qualified to participate in the distribution, whilst by filling up the entire list he may secure ten apportionments from the Fund.

We feel sure that our readers generally will appreciate this legitimate, interesting and instructive competition. It should afford an attractive occupation during the holidays. By discussing it—at home, in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the boarding-house, on the boat, and in the char-a-banc, and in the office, the works and the shop—many names will crop up which will suggest just the man for one of the posts. He need not, of course, be a member of the present or any other Parliament. Have a coupon always ready, in your pocket, and jot down the name, then and there.

The coupon for this week will be found below.

Business Government Coupon.

TEN PROPOSED OFFICES:	SUGGESTED HOLDERS:
Minister for Naval Affairs.	.....
Minister for Military Affairs.	.....
Minister for Home Affairs.	.....
Minister for Foreign Affairs.	.....
Minister for Colonial Affairs.	.....
Minister for Indian Affairs.	.....
Minister of Labour.	.....
Minister of Commerce.	.....
Minister for Municipal Affairs.	.....
Minister of Finance.	.....

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....

This Coupon to be sent to the Editor, "John Bull," 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Envelope marked: "Cabinet," in left-hand corner.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE SONG.

REVISED VERSION—WITH CHORUS.

In deference to the view of Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen, and of naturalised British subjects, we have remodelled the League song, eliminating everything which appeared to limit the League to England on the one hand, or to British born subjects on the other. We have also added a chorus; and we now repeat our offer of FIFTY POUNDS for an inspiriting, martial orchestral score, to reach us not later than the end of August. Our Decision to be Final. Composers may repeat any line or word to suit their scores:

JOIN THE LEAGUE!

Men and women who can claim
Right to use the British name,
Join the League!

Men and women who would view
Britain great, but merry too,
Britain strong to dare and do—
Join the League!

Chorus:

Here's to the John Bull League! the League
of common sense,
The foe of cant and humbug and self-
righteous pretence
Here's to the John Bull League! the League
that's come to stay,
And win for British subjects a better, brighter day!

If you would to Parliament
Business men of grit be sent,
Join the League!

Men and women who despise
Party tactics, party lies,
Foolish, false election cries—
Join the League!

Chorus:

Here's to the John Bull League! etc.

Men and women who detest
Mingled cant and interest,
Join the League!

Men and women who would see
All the Church and Clergy free
From sect and creed—hypocrisy—
Join the League!

Chorus:

Here's to the John Bull League! etc.

Men and women who discern
Justice is not always "stern,"
Join the League!

Clear the Courts of pantomime,
Make our judges every time
Let the sentence fit the crime—
Join the League!

Chorus:

Here's to the John Bull League! etc.

Would you crush the cranks who hate
Pleasures quite legitimate—
Join the League!

Would you utterly destroy
Faddists who would murder joy,
Born on purpose to annoy—
Join the League!

Chorus:

Here's to the John Bull League! etc.

Men and women who would see
Britain great and Britain free,
Join the League!

Slaves no longer, nor the tool
Of the narrow-minded fool,
Let the Ruled Arise and Rule—
Join the League!

Chorus:

Here's to the John Bull League! etc.

AMERICAN BLUE FUNK.

(A Few Words to Our American Cousins About the Cup.)

By the Main Halliard.

So Tommy Lipton wants to have another go for the America Cup. It is probable that he will continue to want. Why? Because he wants them to race him with an honest, real, genuine yacht, and not with a sheet tin affair. Sir Thomas makes the mistake of regarding the members of the New York Yacht Club as sportsmen. Well, he is entitled to his opinion, and his belief in the sportsmanlike qualities of the Americans is hall-marked, genuine, and almost amounts to a fetish. Sir Thomas himself is one of the best sportsmen we have in Great Britain. He will spend a fortune on a race for the mere joy of racing. If he loses, he says "hard luck, but better luck next time." If he wins, he is gigantically pleased—just like a schoolboy who has scored. It doesn't matter to him that he has spent on the race—always yachting—fifty times the worth of the prize. He has won; that's all. If he has one fault, it is that he loves the Americans sincerely and genuinely, and thinks them the finest people on earth.

But to come back to the Cup. Tommy—don't we all call him "Tommy"?—wants the Americans to have another try with what yachtsmen call a healthy, wholesome, sea-going yacht, and if anybody wants a flutter, I'm open to bet ten thousand to one that his challenge will not be taken up.

Here is how the matter stands at present. The ultra-sportsman American holds that if Sir Thomas races them again he will have to race on impossible conditions. The competing British yacht must be British built and manned. She must compete with a similar ship American built and manned. The British ship has to cross the Atlantic; the American ship has not. The Americans insist on building vessels that can be launched and sailed on home waters with comparative safety. To compete for the Cup with any chance of success, we—that is Sir Thomas—have to build a similar racing machine, but one fit to cross the stormy, battering Atlantic. Sportsman that he is, he builds and crosses, and by the time his yacht has crossed she has been bumped and battered about, and is not as good a ship as when she was built. And then there is the danger of the fragile craft during the ocean trip.

Dunraven tried with such ships, Sir Thomas tried with such ships, and the Cup is where it was. Sir Thomas Lipton is willing for another try; but no yacht builder will turn out the boat for him—not for love or money. Watson built our America Cup racers, and his efforts shortened his days.

To put it into plain English, the America Cup will never again be raced for by a Briton with a boat like the old challengers, and if a challenge such as Sir Thomas vainly sent a few years ago is not accepted, the Americans may keep the Cup, and much good may it do them. They have refused to compete with a "healthy," sea-going yacht, and their refusal may be regarded as a tacit admission that they would lose the trophy if they raced on conditions that are *absolutely* impossible. Could Sir Thomas Lipton do anything fairer than he has done? He has asked them to allow him to race them with a boat built according to their own club rules. As soon as he did so—as soon as he asked for fair play—the American "sportsmen" began to shuffle about and declare that, in their own peculiar vernacular, they were "tired" of Sir Thomas's challenges. They should say "frightened."

SAILORS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—nor his life.]

Sailors are certainly more popular than sailoring. In the old (Protectionist) days of the press-gang, it was considered an infinitely greater hardship to be forced into the Navy than into the Army. And I verily believe that, if we now had the curse of conscription imposed upon us, even poor Lord Roberts would be a less unpopular task-master than, say, Lord Charles Beresford.

Merry Mariners.

But sailors are the pets of the nation, the types of jollity and freedom and frankness. We picture them to ourselves with wives in every port, dancers of hornpipes, quaffers of rum. They are always good-humoured, even when swabbing decks or casting anchors. Their incessant refrain is "Yo, heave ho, and a bottle of rum." However hard their work, even though they may have buffeted an hurricane or spanked the booming jib, or done whatever is their equivalent to earning a Victoria Cross, they seem to be perfectly satisfied with the largesse of an extra tot of grog, which, I am credibly informed, amounts to nothing more than a monotonous mixture of rum and water.

The Rumness of Rum.

Now rum is all right with your morning tea, particularly if business or pleasure has kept you up into the small hours. It may also be an apt condiment in the milk of the anæmic. But, brave as I am, I should not be driven headlong towards dauntless deeds of derring do by a remote vision of rum diluted with water—more especially as drinking-water at sea must usually be akin to bilge. Rum is too well-named as a beverage.

Suave Seafarers.

The name of Jack Tar has a far more hilarious, distinguished, chase-me, love-a-duck sound than the vulgar, hideous cognomen of Tommy Atkins, which has associations of beer and harlotry and obscenity, thanks chiefly to Rudyard, the Eurasian minstrel of an advertising earl. Hospitality, courtesy, charm of manner seem inborn among all ranks of the senior service.

The Nation and the Navy.

And *passim* let me here rejoice that it is still acclaimed as the senior service, for, after all, we do owe our national supremacy to our sailors, whereas our unnecessary soldiers may safely be dismissed as land-lubbers. Our fleets rule the waves and render invasion impossible, whereas who knows how few German boy-scouts would be required to repel Mr. Haldane and all his terriers, all his miniature rifle-rangers.

Strength and Virtue.

Sailors are more manly than soldiers. The youngest lieutenant could drink the most hardened Anglo-Indian general under the table in a trice. As you know, I am a staunch temperance advocate, but a strong head is even better than a strong arm—and a British sailor enjoys the benefit of both. The fact is, a ward-room, unlike a mess, is not a haunt of luxury and debauchery for pampered mollycoddles. Nor do naval officers think it fine and sporting to live beyond their means. They are generous to a fault, but they do not outrun the constable and bring grief to their families by extravagance. Of course it will be retorted that they have fewer temptations. Polo ponies, for instance, are not in demand on the high seas. But in the intervals ashore, temptations must redouble, and it would be idle to deny credit to a high standard of honour and to a cheerful acquiescence in strict discipline. Hurrah for our bold sea-rovers!

Able-bodied.

The greater severity of discipline accounts largely for the superior character of a sailor as compared with a soldier. A sailor is caught young, whereas a soldier only joins when his habits have coagulated. Sea-cooks are proverbial for their badness, partly, no doubt, because the materials to hand are primitive. Anyhow, the result is that a sailor is brought up to rude fare, which he washes down with ruder liquors. He has to turn out at all hours of the night and pace decks during the dog-watch. His limbs and lungs are fortified by the elements, he lives in an atmosphere of ozone, familiarity inspires him with calmness when defying winds and waves. In fact, he is given every chance of becoming a fine fellow, and he certainly does not miss his chance.

Tender-hearted.

The poetry and the mystery of the sea encompass him and saturate his soul. He is full of imagination and superstition. His very turns of phrase are inspired. To die is to "go aloft"; the bottom of the sea is "Davy Jones's locker"; the hours are reckoned as "bells." The heroes of his songs—Tom Bowling, for instance—are simple, great-hearted gentlemen, who reveal the beauty of his ideals. Simplicity, indeed, is the key-note of his character. Thus, for instance, he rarely troubles to learn to swim. See also how readily he falls a prey to crimps and land-sharks and designing females. So great is his chivalry that, for him, all women are divine. Even his ship, the true mistress of his heart, is ascribed to the right sex. At the same time, she often bears some roaring, truculent name: Indomitable, Dreadnought, Invincible, Temeraire!

I only hope that the modern developments of science and machinery may never turn bluff, genial Jack Tar into a machine-made man, a mere engine of destruction.

CONSEQUENCES.

By Muriel Dowling.

The gallant Captain X met the fascinating Mrs. Y, the Governor's wife, at a Government House ball.

He said to her:—

"You're the best-looking woman I've met since I came out. Is that old chap with the bushy eyebrows and red nose your husband?"

She said to him:—

"Yes, and I'm a misunderstood and unhappy woman."

The consequence was:—

He consoled her with his friendship, and they rode together and danced together to such an extent that even the hardened Station opened its eyes wide.

And the world said:—

"What an outrageous flirt!"

* * * * * * *

The debonair Captain X met the piquante Mrs. Y on the verandah, by moonlight.

He said to her:—

"Your husband is out."

She said to him:—

"Do go away, darling. How can you run such risks? Is my reputation nothing to you?"

The consequence was:

He silenced her with a kiss, and swore never-ending love and devotion.

And the world said:—

"Wait till her husband finds out!"

* * * * * * *

The dashing Captain X met the bewitching Mrs. Y in her boudoir.

He said to her:—

"It's so sweet to have you on my knee; give me one more kiss."

She said to him:—

"Good heavens! There's my husband watching us from behind the window hangings!"

The consequence was:—

The Governor divorced her.

And the world said:—

"Disgraceful!"

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

August 11th. Maharana Sir Shri Wakhatsinhji Dalesinhji, Rajah of Lunawada.

Lo, the poor Indian.—*Pope.*

August 11th. Mrs. Aria.

We are captivated by dress.—*Ovid.*

August 13th. Arthur Lasenby Liberty.

The beginning of all wisdom is to look fixedly on clothes.—*Carlyle.*

What is your Number?

See page iii of cover.

A MOTORIST AND MAGISTRATES IN WALES.

(How the Llanwrst Bench dealt with the complaint of the daughter of a brother magistrate.)

We have before us a letter from Mr. E. H. Wheeler, of Belmont, Sale, Cheshire, covering evidence taken in a charge made against him for reckless driving, correspondence from the Home Office, the opinions upon the case of distinguished public men, and so on. Mr. Wheeler writes:—

> The enclosed papers are representative of the Welsh method of dispensing justice, from which you will observe it to be quite in accordance with similar savage treatment closer to the metropolis.

The evidence seems to us to support this observation. Mr. Wheeler was charged at the Petty Sessions, Llanwrst, with an offence under the Motor Act, namely, driving recklessly. The person who brought the complaint was Miss Elsie Jelf Pettit, whose father is Chairman of the Standing Joint Police Committee of the County, Deputy Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, also Chairman of the Licensing Committee. As such he is a magistrate very well known in the county, and one who exercises a considerable influence over the Bench at Llanwrst.

It is not easy to understand how the magistrates could have convicted for "reckless driving," seeing that the plaintiff told the Bench that she did not suggest that Mr. Wheeler was driving furiously, or at a greater speed than from 10 to 12 miles an hour. She was in a somewhat narrow road, and seems to have thought that as Mr. Wheeler's car passed her it should have pulled up to walking pace, although she admits that she was able to see the car coming as from 80 yards distance. There was no witness to support Miss Pettit's statements. On the other hand, Mr. Wheeler, a well-known Manchester man of high character, went into the box and directly traversed her allegations, and Mrs. Wheeler supported his evidence on oath. The magistrates found Mr. Wheeler guilty of reckless driving, fined him £5 and costs, and suspended his licence for three months.

It seems to us that great injustice was done to Mr. Wheeler by the magistrates who decided his case. As we have said, the complainant did not even suggest that he was driving at an improper or illegal rate of speed.

We may say that Mr. Wheeler is a very experienced motorist. He travels by motor car between 7,000 and 10,000 miles yearly, and has never had any complaint made against him, either by police or public, for reckless driving. He has a speedometer—one of Smith's—which at the time of the alleged offence was registering a speed of between 10 and 12 miles an hour. Mr. Wheeler was going fishing to Bettws-y-coed, and was, in no hurry.

Examination of Miss Pettit's evidence shows discrepancies which would have led intelligent magistrates alive to their duty to dismiss the case. We will give a few of her statements, and our comments upon them in *italics*:—

(1) The car was 80 yards back when I first saw it. There was nothing between the car and one behind me to prevent driver seeing me. I saw they would come abreast opposite me. I expected the one behind me to slow a little to let the other pass the hill.

It would be impossible for Miss Pettit, or another, to gauge the exact spot where any two cars would pass each other in similar circumstances, especially when anticipating one car to alter speed.

(2) When I saw the car was not going to slow I stood with my back to the bank and stood still. I stood with my heels close to the bank. The wheels of the car went within 1 inch of my feet.

This is an impossibility. If the car's wheels went within 1 inch of Miss Pettit's feet the running boards would have seriously injured her legs.

(3) There were two persons in the car and the driver.

In fact there were only two occupants of the car.

(4) I noticed the letter "D" and four figures.

The number of the car is D735.

(5) I could see the car 80 yards.

If Miss Pettit could see the car 80 yards, and it was travelling as she swore at the rate of between 10 and 12 miles an hour, how is it she could not read the number 735, which is said to be specially clear upon this particular machine?

(6) The car went quite close to the wall.

There is no wall, only a hedge.

The contradictions to which we have directed attention, apart altogether from the absurdity of convicting a man of reckless driving who was admitted to have been going at a rate not exceeding 14 miles an hour, should have insured acquittal, and his conviction by the Bench warrants the opinion of one of the members for Manchester—himself a solicitor—who in writing to Mr. Wheeler says, "I have not the least hesitation in saying that I consider the case a simple travesty of justice."

We do not know that there is much more to be said except that, as Mr. Wheeler alleges, Miss Pettit was resting in the Consultation Room of the Magistrates until her evidence was called, after which she returned again to the same room, where she was joined by her father and the magistrates, Mrs. Wheeler being the only lady remaining in Court.

We can easily understand the prevailing prejudice against the motor car. Motoring is a very pleasant pastime, but it is not at all pleasant to those who are walking along the roads, and some persons who travel in motor cars are hogs. But, like everybody else, the motorist is entitled to justice, and that he does not get from many Benches of Magistrates. Some, there are no doubt, who look with a very lenient eye upon excess speed. They are sensible men who can see no harm in it when there is a straight run in a country district, and they have no belief in police-traps. But there are others, like the Sussex magistrates, to whom we referred a week or two ago, who take a very different and very unfair view, who accept anything the police may swear, and refuse to give due weight to rebutting evidence. We do not know what position is generally taken up by the Llanwrst Bench in motor cases. In Mr. Wheeler's case it seems to have been sufficient for them that the complaint was preferred by a young lady who happens to be the daughter of one of their number. We are not suggesting that Miss Pettit said anything in the witness-box she did not believe, but we do suggest that the magistrates were unduly influenced by the fact that it was Miss Pettit who laid the charge, and it is not to the credit of justice that it should be possible to say this of any body of men whose duty it is to administer it.

DE-FORMED SPELLING.

A certain old fire-eating COLONEL
Was cursed with a temper INFOLONEL,
If you did not agree
With his views, promptly he
Would consign you to torments ETOLONEL.

There once was a party called HUGH,
Whose favourite diet was STUGH;
When he asked folks to dine
They would always decline—
What the food would be like well they KNUGH.

When walking, a person named BLIGH,
Got a small piece of grit in his IGH;
It made him so ill,
That he drafted his will,
For he thought he was going to DIGH.

A charming young girl of CARLISLE,
Was sitting one day on a STISLE,
But she hurriedly cleared,
When a bullock appeared,
And chased her for more than a MISLE.

A little girl fond of NOUGAT,
Once said to her generous PAT,
"Dear, dad, if you'll buy
A pound I will try
To master my tonic-sol-FAT."

A lady who wanted a TOQUE,
One morning cried out when she WOQUE,
"I dreamt I had got on
A bee-hive of cotton,
Trimmed with pieces of firewood and COQUE."

W. M.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President: HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.
Offices; 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Object. *To oppose Cant and Self-Righteousness, and to promote a robust and self-reliant public opinion, independently of all creeds and parties.*

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE YOUNG TURKS."

A Further Answer to Mr. Herbert Vivian, by Reginald Wyon.

It must be very gratifying to Mr. Herbert Vivian to be so certain that he can dispose of my "childish-Turk criticisms quite quickly." But I hope that interested readers will compare these last two articles, and judge for themselves.

I asked, who were "the aged reprobates who called themselves young Turks"? Mr. Vivian ignores this point-blank question entirely, but pours more vials of wrath upon the heads of these "old scoundrels." It is quite common knowledge here in Constantinople, and I should think anywhere else, that the actual moving spirits of the Constitution are all young men, actuated by the highest motives. Like all young men, they have certainly made, and will make, mistakes, but surely it is an admittedly difficult task to run an Empire, on the verge of ruin, after a reign of unparalleled corruption, injustice and terrorism.

Mr. Vivian imputes to me a wholesale condemnation of the Turkish priesthood. I maintain that a section of the Ottoman clergy are undoubtedly fanatical, a fact amply proved on April 13th and 14th, but I quite agree with Mr. Vivian that there is a proportion of "broad-minded gentlemen" among them.

"Mr. Wyon has not," writes Mr. Vivian, "a word of reproach for the barbarous butcheries, wholesale hangings, thefts, rapes," &c., *ad lib.*, "wherewith the new era has been heralded."

No, because I, living here, do not know of them. Will he cite a few instances, and at the same time a few of the names of these dreadfully old Young Turks?

It is amusing, too, to read of "His Majesty" (*i.e.*, the ex-Sultan) "graciously conceding" the present Constitution. Similarly, as I take it, as he graciously conceded to be dethroned? No "violent hands were laid on the anointed (!) of Allah" either.

Beyond that, "the murderous desperadoes" with "hands stained with Christian blood" can take care of their own reputations. We here, though, were very glad to see them on the morning of April 24th.

I must also disagree with Mr. Vivian's statement that it is the unconstitutional Constitution which has "set the whole Ottoman Empire by the ears." There is trouble, and there is going to be a lot more, ere the turbulent sections of this conglomerate Empire realise the new state of affairs. I fear even that the task of introducing law and order into the whole Empire may prove a task of too great magnitude for this comparative handful of brave men. In this city, though, they have already done wonders, as any British resident will gladly testify.

Then Mr. Vivian wilfully misquotes me. It *is* "nonsense to suggest that loyalty can be bought by 'a glass of sherbet and Turkish delight.'" I prefixed this statement by mentioning that each soldier received gifts of gold "varying from £3 to £20."

In addition, Abdul Hamid gave publicly £10,000 to the "broad-minded" Ottoman clergy, who encouraged the mutineers of April 13th and 14th. But this is history.

I am sorry to say that Mr. Vivian thinks my mind "mouldy" because I bring a "crazy charge" that a massacre of Europeans was contemplated by Abdul Hamid.

Mouldily and crazily, I still maintain this statement, and challenge anyone to bring evidence to confute it. I quite admit that Abdul Hamid was a "wonderful diplomatist"; but he made one mistake, which has cost him his throne. And he did *not* know the strength and organisation of "the rebels" before his gates. Like Mr. Vivian, he thought them a lawless rabble to whom any deed of blood could be easily imputed. I am neither "hysterical" nor "adulatory" over the present Sultan, Mehmet V. I stated bare facts concerning His Majesty, mentioning, it is true, that he was a poet, a musician, and largely read.

It is astounding to read that "the so-called Constitutionalists have already lost Bosnia, Herzegovina and Bulgaria." Comment is again needless.

What did Abdul Hamid lose? "They are also to be deprived of Crete." Are they? I do not think Europe will stop the Turks entering Athens *this* time.

Finally, Mr. Vivian declares that "la parole est à M. M. les Albanais." Has he heard that the majority of the "lawless rabble" who deposed Abdul Hamid were Albanians?

[We regret that we have no space available for further discussion.—Ed.]

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

X.—Miss Marie Corelli.

There should be a medal for intrepid interviewers who, for the edification of their readers, endure such nerve-shattering experiences as that which I have now to record. To face a scornful authoress and implacable man-hater, who for years has been the butt of hostile critics, requires the courage of a war correspondent. Still, "alone I did it," and am alive to tell the tale.

In the dowdy guise of a mere man I recently knocked timidly at the front door of Miss Marie Corelli's Stratford-on-Avon residence. I was admitted by a stately princess in cap and apron, who pointed a supercilious finger at the hall chair and directed me to "sit still."

After waiting in a wretched state of trepidation for about an hour, I heard the shoo-shoo of silken skirts, and behold, Miss Marie Corelli, the discoverer of the Mighty Atom and the creator of God's Good Man, stood before me.

Falling on my face I grovelled abjectly at her feet.

"What are you?" she demanded.

"Only a man, ma'am," I stammered; "a mere man."

"Poor, wretched creature," murmured the renowned romanceress, with pitying condescension. "You may get up. What do you want with me?"

"Only to look at your face, ma'am, kiss the hem of your Directoire gown, and beg you to place your foot upon my neck."

"There is no need for such a ridiculous ceremony," retorted Miss Corelli; "you are already sufficiently humiliated inasmuch as you are a man."

"Thank you, ma'am," I murmured; "you are very good. By the way, ma'am, was your father a man?"

"Of course he was, you ridiculous creature."

"How very sad," I sighed.

"Sad! What do you mean, sirrah?"

"You must feel it very much," I ventured. "It must be a great trial to you to know that your father was a mere man."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the depictress of a sorrowful Satan, "you are talking of that which you cannot understand. Have you any further business with me in addition to expressing your adulation?"

"I should like to ask a few questions about your work."

"Proceed," said the saviour of Stratford, graciously.

"When are you going to write a book that conforms reasonably to the recognised canons of literature? A book that does not depend upon its sensationalism for its success, a book that describes human nature as it is, and not as it appears to an eccentric imagination, a book with a little less of the suffragette spirit in its pages?"

"Sirrah!" cried Miss Corelli, stamping her Paris shoe.

"A book," I continued doggedly, "that does not propound some new, fantastical religious theory, that does not whitewash Satan, nor glorify Barabbas, nor libel the average man—a book like your third and best—would it had been the last!—'Thelma,'" I concluded.

"You scurrilous fellow!" said Marie, in a deep, quivering voice (for, as Shakespeare said, "although she is but little, she is fierce"). "You must be a reviewer, which is less even than a mere man, and immeasurably lower. You have gained admittance to my house under false pretences. Leave me instantly, or I will have you whipped at the cart's tail through the streets of Stratford!"

"The mail-cart tail, I presume?" I suggested.

"You are one of those despicable wretches," went on Marie merrily, ignoring my interruption, "who have dared to criticise my work adversely. Pah! begone; you pollute the air I breathe!" And with a dramatic gesture, the enraged authoress pointed to the door.

"One moment, ma'am," I said, stopping for an instant on my way to the emergency exit; "let me make one last appeal to the softer side of your character. Ma'am," I sobbed, "I am a lover of dogs."

"I adore them," cried Marie, ecstatically.

"I have several," I continued; "their names are Ardath, Lilith, Ziska, and Delicia. Delicia, I am sorry to say, is not very well. Give me, I pray you for the love of the Treasure of Heaven, a little Wormwood for her stomach's sake."

* * * * * *

Beyond saying that I escaped whole, and in my right mind, I will draw a veil over the closing scene.

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THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF APPRENTICESHIP.

(A philanthropic institution conducted upon very commercial lines.)

This is an Institution under a highly-respectable sponsorship. Its patrons are the Princess Christian and the Duke of Devonshire its treasurer, Lord Avebury; a member of its council, the Lord Mayor. It claims to be a philanthropic Institution, supported by voluntary contributions, and its object is to bring about the apprenticeship of boys and girls in a large variety of trades and handicrafts, in which skill is required and in which good wages may be earned.

It has, however, been submitted to us by one who has had dealings with the Institution, that it is philanthropic only in name, and having looked through the papers upon which this allegation rests it seems to us that the rules which guide the Institution are a little more rigid and exacting than we should have expected. Our correspondent, Mr. G. Marchissio, of 5, St. Michael's Gardens, Notting Hill, W., apprenticed his late son on 1st March, 1908, to Messrs. Spagnoletti, Ltd., electrical engineers, as a member of the Institution. The premium required was £30, half to be paid in March and the other half 18 months afterwards, and a fee of £6 was to be paid to the Institution for commission and expenses. Mr. Marchissio's son died on March 17th, 1909, and the apprenticeship being for a period of three years, Messrs. Spagnoletti returned to the Institution £5 out of the £15, paid by the Institution to that firm. Mr. Marchissio had already undertaken to pay the Institution £6, the amount of the premium and £6 expenses, and had, in fact, paid it £18. Upon the death of his son, Mr. Marchissio appealed to the Council of the Institution for the return of a portion of the £6 charged for commission and expenses, but the Council declined to return any portion of that sum. After a further correspondence, and considerable pressure being applied, they offered him £4, which deducted from the £18 he had paid the Institution left £14 to his credit. Of this £14, the Institution had paid Messrs. Spagnoletti, Ltd., £10 (the other £5 having been returned to them), and so they retained £4 of the £18 paid them by Mr. Marchissio.

Mr. Marchissio contends that in the circumstances, and having regard to the fact that the apprenticeship had only lasted a few months, the Institution ought not to have retained any of the extra £6, and we are bound to say that there seems to be some force in his contention, and that, at any rate in this particular matter, the Institution has acted in a way that throws doubt upon its claim to be considered a purely philanthropic Institution.

THE GRIEVANCES OF THE BANK CLERK.

(A Bank Clerk discusses the grievances of his class and the proposal for a Union.)

Bank clerks are often told that they have only themselves to thank for their grievances. They should, say the wiseacres, form a Union, and go "on strike"—or threaten to—that the threat alone would probably bring the directors to their knees, and to a proper frame of mind.

The suggested "Bank Clerks' Union," however, is easier talked about than carried out. The obstacles are many, not the least being the fact that the great majority of bank clerks are gentlemen, who cling obstinately to the idea that sooner or later the directors will treat them as such, and of their own initiative will eventually put matters on a more satisfactory footing. Another obstacle is the difficulty of making a start. It would be absolutely necessary for someone to sacrifice himself and his prospects for the good of the cause, for it would be impossible to keep the matter secret, and sooner or later the whole business would come to the knowledge of the directors, and long before matters were far enough advanced for the prime movers and first adherents to reckon on the support of the infant "Union." Still another objection is that not half the staff of the various banks in the Kingdom would ever join, the probabilities that only the younger and least important members would be enrolled, and that the senior and more valuable men would fight shy of it; for many of them are married, and would not risk losing everything even for the good of the cause.

Among the many undoubted grievances of bank clerks may be mentioned:—

(1) Inadequate salaries.
(2) Unsatisfactory pension arrangements.
(3) The unfair system of promotion.
(4) The system of reports.
(5) The arbitrary powers possessed by the bank managers.
(6) The question of "expenses" incurred in removing from one branch to another.

Take the salary question first. A man joins the bank, say, at 18 and starts with a salary of £30. In some banks it is less, and in one or two it is £40. By the time he is thirty he will be earning the magnificent stipend of £150 per annum, *if he has had consistently good reports from every bank manager he has been under.* And he will probably be a cashier—handling thousands of pounds every week—and having more to do with the bank's clients than even the manager himself. By the time he is 33 he may have arrived at the princely salary of £180, and in all probability that will be as far as he will get for another five years at least. There are hundreds of bank clerks who reach 40 years of age with a salary of £180. And they are expected to dress well, and to live in decent houses, and if, poor sinners, they are married, they must see that wife and children are respectably dressed also. The salary of the manager is altogether disproportionate to the rest of the staff; it often happens that a manager will be getting £500 and his chief clerk £200, and the chief usually does most of the manager's work.

Then take (2) the pension scheme. As it stands in most banks, a bank clerk can *never* be certain of getting a pension until he is actually in receipt of it, for right up to the end of his career he is liable to be dismissed with a month's notice, and in that case has no legal claim on the bank for a halfpenny. And there is a growing tendency amongst directors of banks to take advantage of this state of affairs and to dismiss men for comparatively trivial causes—such as ill-health, &c. A clerk who has served the bank faithfully for 20 years on the miserably small salary paid him, ought to be *legally entitled* to a pension of at least £50 a year, and the amount should of course be increased after that in proportion to length of service.

Promotion, too, is another sore point with bank clerks. A good record, long service, and efficiency, are not sufficient to ensure promotion, the governing factors being *influence* and *private means.*

The system of reports is decidedly un-English. A clerk, on joining the bank, is reported upon by the manager at the end of his three months' probation, and again on the completion of six or twelve months' service, and each year afterwards until he attain to the position of manager himself. These reports are of the most exhaustive character: his companions and pursuits outside, as well as his work and efficiency in the office, are all duly recorded and set forth in black and white, and when he is moved from one branch to another his various reports precede him, so that if, as often happens, he has had the misfortune to incur the dislike of some manager, for any or no reason, and gets a bad report in consequence, he can never get away from it, for even when he joins another branch the chances are that this report has already prejudiced his new manager against him, with the result that the unfortunate clerk can do nothing right and his career is virtually ruined.

The branch manager, in fact, has the power of life and death, figuratively speaking, over each of his subordinates, and it is unfortunately by no means uncommon for him to exercise these powers to the very fullest extent, simply because he happens to like or dislike the clerk concerned—a state of affairs grossly unfair to the individual and the office generally.

Finally, in the matter of removal expenses the clerk is unfairly treated. A single man, on getting a move from one bank to another, is allowed third class railway fare, and a small sum for necessary cabs, porterage and lunch, all of which have to be fully specified. If he has any luggage beyond what he takes in the railway carriage with him, he must pay for it himself. A married man, with wife and children and a household of furniture, has to pay *all his own removal expenses*, which may easily amount to £20 or £30. The consequence is that unless possessed of private means he gets hopelessly in debt, and a move is often the beginning of the end as far as he is concerned. And there are cases on record of a married man getting three moves in four years—all at his own expense.

These, then, are a few of the grievances of which bank men complain, and sooner or later the directors will have to re-adjust matters if they are to continue to draw upon men of the stamp and class hitherto obtained.

IRISH LASSIES IN LONDON.

(Mrs. Bull pays a surprise visit to the Irish Village at the White City.)

One lot of folk, at all events, are mightily enjoying the White City Exhibition. These are the colleens of the Irish village. There are 150 of them, all genuine peasant girls, mostly young and pretty. The gentlemen who are running Ballymaclinton feel the dire weight of chaperoning 150 attractive damsels. The girls are not allowed beyond the village bounds save on a pass signed by the matron, and then they must be back at the virtuous hour of nine. Every evening ends up with a merry dance, but mere outsiders may only look on, lest all the male youth of London town should flock in to waltz with the light-footed colleens. The girls thus guarded are as rustic and unsophisticated as if they had never left their native hamlets. In the early evening they give an *al fresco* concert; there they sing their sweet Irish songs with their arms hanging loosely by their sides in true untrained amateur style; dance their jigs and breakdowns seemingly forgetful of any audience. If this unconsciousness be acting, it is marvellously well done. It may be observed, in passing, that all the national Irish dances are peculiarly modest—the youth never for one moment is allowed to even pass his arm around his partner's waist; only hands are sometimes united.

The diet of the entire Ballymaclinton staff is purely vegetarian—never a mouthful of meat passes their lips. The girls sleep in dormitories within the guarded precincts of the village. Last year even their laundering was done for nothing, but now they have to pay a trifle, as the washing for 150 damsels, when it was free, was stupendous and amazing. It kept no less that eight women ironing for an entire day! This Irish village transported bodily, as it were, to the White City, is primarily intended to make known M'Clinton's Irish Soap, but its profits are destined for the crusade in which the Countess of Aberdeen is so interested—the war against consumption in the Emerald Isle. It is appalling to learn than nigh on 12,000 of Ireland's sons and daughters succumb every year to this white plague. On the day Mrs. Bull visited the village, disappointment prevailed. No less a personage than England's beautiful Queen had been coming, but she had been recognised in one of the outer buildings, and so mobbed by horrid "onmannerly" English people that she had fled, so the poor little colleens had not been able to show the "dear Queen" the many attractions of their village.

CHEAP FISH FOR ALL.

(A plea for the municipalisation of our Fishing Industry, and practical suggestions as to how to bring it about.)

By W. H. Edwards.

The Government, in the eyes of the average taxpayer, is an institution specially evolved in order to levy toll upon him, and each portion of the community (nature being what it is) naturally desires the other to carry the burden, hence the fierce discussions on Budgets. The resentment invariably felt at the call of the tax-gatherer very often obscures recognition of what the taxpayer receives in return for his contribution, in the shape of protection from foreign attack, from disease, and from the tyranny of the physically or financially stronger. Government should be paternal, which is good, but sometimes those who direct Government policy become hysterical, which is bad. In no direction can the paternal care of the Government be better exercised than in the provision of cheap and good food for the people, and in no individual instance could this supervision be more profitably employed than in the reorganisation of our fishing industry. To come to the point, this industry should be nationalised, at any rate as regards our chief fishery ports. This is in no sense a Socialistic proposition. Socialism, I understand, seeks to capture and administer all sources of wealth production, whether the results of capitalistic enterprise, thrift, ability or industry. The fish in the waters round our coasts are there as the result of none of these creative forces of wealth. Nobody feeds them, nobody pays rent for their feeding grounds, and nobody tends them or protects them. Therefore they, as an article of food, should, at any rate, be free from the exploitations of Rings, Trusts, or combined capital.

To the poorer classes of our community, fish, except that obtained from the fried fish shop, as an article of diet, is practically unknown. Whether there is a scarcity, owing to bad weather or other causes, or a plentiful supply, under existing conditions, it is beyond their reach, and the only fish diet—save the mark—known to the poor is the red herring (often figuratively "drawn across their path"), or a nondescript specimen of the finny tribe generally seen in a saucer with a plentiful supply of vinegar to conceal the odour of antiquity. So that by this class of our population fish is regarded merely as a relish, and not as a sustaining and nourishing article of food. To-day one of our leading journals chronicles a shortage of supply—not long ago very large catches were reported in the White Sea; but the public rarely get the benefit of an abundant supply, although they frequently have to pay an enhanced price as the result of a poor catch. When there is an excess of supply, what becomes of the unused balance? We sometimes hear of boats being kept at sea so as not to land an unusually heavy catch and so depress prices, and that the excess of supply is often thrown overboard, and it is an indisputable fact that fish, originally fit for food, is often sold for manure. One frequently hears strong comments upon the action of beef trusts, or of individual operators who corner wheat, but what can be said of the action of those who not only raise the price of food, but actually destroy it? What would be said of the man who set fire to a few thousand acres of ripe grain in order to sustain a market so that holders should not make a loss?

Now what is the remedy for this state of things, and the means by which fish—and fresh fish at that—can be brought within the reach of all? My answer is, municipalisation of the industry. I would not in any way interfere with the rights of the individual fisherman who sells his catch upon the beach or to residents in his locality, but I maintain that in the large centres of this important industry the Government should take the matter in hand. Fishermen at these points of distribution should be under Government control, as are our pilots. Out-of-date torpedo boats, which, under ordinary circumstances, would be sold to be broken up, might be used to wait upon the fleet of fishing boats and run the catches into port, and municipal fish shops should be opened in all our large towns. Meat eating is the habit of uncivilised man, as this class of food was formerly easier to procure, and needed no skill or expenditure or risk to obtain. Once give the poor a chance of buying good and fresh fish at a price which would exclude so many intervening profits, and it would, in my opinion, become a recognised portion of diet for all, and we should have a healthier, more intelligent and more virile race. Fish is now only on the tables of the rich; it should be as easily obtainable by the poor.

"M.," whose letter to us is dated London, July 30th, 1909, is requested to send us his address in confidence.

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This interesting book, which is sent free to anyone asking for it, points out the road to happiness—health. It is a volume of eighty pages, which is brimful of the things the true lovers of health like to read. It will give them courage and enlighten them as to the cause and cure of their troubles. It will point out the pitfalls, and guide them safely to a future of strength and vitality. It is nicely illustrated, and tells how other people have suffered and how they have cured themselves. It gives the opinions of many noted physicians, and tells of their work. It is free, in a plain, sealed envelope, to all men and women who are interested in a true health-giver.

It is composed of six chapters. Part I. deals with the relation of health to happiness; gives a description of the famous "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Batteries; tells of what electricity is doing in the cure of disease, and concludes with a list of those diseases which readily yield to this wonderful, irresistible force.

Part II. treats of Nervous Troubles. An interesting discussion on the nervous system is given. Then follow the various nervous complaints—Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance). It tells how each and every one of these complaints can be cured, and lots of medical evidence is given to support it.

Part III.—This chapter is devoted to the various forms of Rheumatic Troubles. It gives the experiments and opinions of many celebrated physicians in their untiring efforts to find a cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and Backache, and explains how a cure can be gained for each that is certain and lasting.

Part IV.—The Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys are here dealt with. Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa, and Dysentery are described in detail. The opinions of such well-known medical men as Drs. Rockwell, Erb, de Watteville, Turner, Seidel, and many others are given. A means of permanent cure which has proved successful in hundreds of cases is also explained.

Part V.—Various complaints, such as those of the Bladder, Deafness, Asthma, Cramps, Eczema, Chilblain, Headache, and Catarrh are described. Detailed experiments are given as to the peculiar and astonishing effect that electricity has on these troubles.

Part VI.—In this chapter only complaints peculiar to women are treated. Female complaints, Anæmia, and Hysteria are exhaustively described. A host of eminent doctors' opinions are quoted. The abuses of electricity and the importance of health are also dealt with, and, lastly, a copy of the Certificate of Merit awarded by *Science Siftings* to the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Batteries, as well as the expert testimony of the well-known scientist, W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq.

The work is not only the most interesting, but the most valuable from a health point of view that has ever been published. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery is a scientific appliance that has done more for weak and ailing people than any remedy known. It is a "last resort" treatment in the most obstinate cases. The peculiar construction of the battery which enables it to generate a strong and continuous current with no charging whatever, makes it a convenient and pleasant treatment. An eminent physician recently said, "No body properly charged with electricity can be weak."

At the recent International Exhibition the "Ajax" Battery secured the Grand Prix with Gold Medal. The award was issued by the Medical Section of the Exhibition, and endorses the system of applying electricity as well as the battery. This is the only electric treatment to secure such an honour.

Every man or woman who is in any way ailing, who is weak or debilitated, &c., should not be without this book. A post-card or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once. All advice is free, and a free test to all who call.—[Advt.]

SWELLED HEAD IN ART.

By "Cob."

"Art is long, life is short," remarked one of those idiotic Ancients, whom no one nowadays thinks of questioning. I presume he implied that life itself is a trivial affair compared with Art. And yet art is nothing more, at the best, than an ornament of life; at the worst it is not even that. As to the contention that life would be a dull business without its artistic decorations, one might as well say that a petticoat would have no attractions for mankind did it not possess pretty trimmings. Now, I venture to think that art and trimmings are not essential to life and petticoats, and that mankind would not lose its love for either of the latter were either of the former abolished. Men seem to be able to live as happily amid the sky-scrapers of the New World as they can in the purest Gothic town of the Old. Where there is no art for man to delight in he will delight in something else. Something else less elevating and refining? Perhaps so, but there are left other ornaments of life, such as literature and philosophy, to say nothing of those interests which are something more than mere ornament, such as religion and science. The point is, however, that Art is only a trimming, no matter whether or no it be an elevating trimming.

Now the arts are many. There are Arts pure and simple—that is to say, decorative alone, and there are arts that merge into the utilitarian. Of the former class are painting, sculpture, music and acting; of the latter those parts of architecture, engineering, and the like that relate to beauty of design in combination with the science of construction. Emerson included rhetoric among the arts, and this would doubtless fall into the latter class, but as rhetoric is as extinct as the dodo, it need not be considered here.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

There are two forms of "swelled head" prevalent among artists, and it is possible to anyone possessed of the truly artistic temperament to be afflicted with both kinds at the same time. This notwithstanding the fact that, in reality, they are the outcome of opposed views of art. Inconsistency is the hall-mark of the artist and he prides himself upon it. There is first the swelled head of the artist who prates about Art for Art's sake; who professes to believe that art is what a metaphysical artist might call "a thing in itself," something apart from all life and nature, to be worshipped, lived for, and died for if necessary. There is secondly, the swelled head of the artist who endeavours to make mankind believe that art has not merely an æsthetic but also an ethical value in life; that art elevates the mind and possesses the power of raising men above the brute creation.

The first species of swelled head, shows itself in a series of affectations. A disregard for worldly success and monetary considerations is one of the most common. Nevertheless, there are, for instance, few painters who would refuse a commission to paint the portrait of an alderman in his robes of office. Of the few who do refuse, the majority do so because they are conscious that they cannot paint a portrait. In spite of Velasquez and Van Dyck, or Reynolds, Raeburn, Romney and Co., these men will affect to regard the painter of portraits as no true artist but only a worldly-minded panderer to the vanity of city magnates. Even those who do accept a portrait commission deem it necessary to formulate some flimsy reason for so doing, other than the real one that painting to order is more remunerative than painting on speculation.

NATURE AND ART.

A more easily preserved affectation is the artist's lofty scorn of the beauties of nature. It is related of an eccentric artist lately dead (whose greatest work, by the way, was a portrait of his mother) that when his attention was called to a particularly lovely sunset, he remarked, "Nature is certainly looking up." Yet the truth is, as a great man has told such people, that "Nature paints the best part of the picture; carves the best part of the statue; builds the best part of the house; and speaks the best part of the oration." If these artists acknowledge any connection between Nature and Art, it is analogous to the connection between root and flower. Art may spring from Nature, but it transcends it in beauty and worth. Art improves upon Nature is their motto. Students of Dickens may remember that it was also the motto of Dennis, the hangman.

But when artists are attacked by the second type of swelled head their efforts to convert mankind to their views possess a strong element of pathos. When their arts flourished, they will plead, Nineveh and Babylon were at their greatest; Greece and Florence in turn were the world's centres of civilisation when inspired by their immortal sculptors, painters and poets; the Church of Rome was at the height of its power when the genius of Art was devoted to its service. Just so, no doubt, the cart pushes the horse. But, alas, for the argument! The pyramids of Egypt still stand; the temples and tombs of Hindustan are as beautiful as ever; the masterpieces of the Vatican and the Pitti Palace are on view even to this hour. Does art no longer inspire? Or can it be that the horse pulls the cart? Can it be that when nations are greatest and most prosperous they can best afford to devote energy and wealth to the Arts—to the mere ornament of life?

The cruel truth seems to be that the submerged tenth cannot be elevated by selling to them William Morris wall-paper at two guineas per square yard. The Venus de Milo has had little effect, if any, in raising the Parisian standard of morals, nor have exhibitions of old masters in Whitechapel reduced to any extent the number of costers who delight in jumping on their mothers. No matter how strenuously men orate about the ennobling influence that the drama possesses, or ought to possess, the public persists in regarding the theatre as a place of recreation. Music-hall shares are at a premium. Ibsen is at a discount.

After all, this displays a healthy state of society. Ornament may beautify; it may give delight to the eye or ear, and supply a bright interlude in the dull grind of daily life. But the moral good it effects is comparable to the emotional type of religion aroused by hearing beautiful music in a magnificent cathedral. Mankind is ennobled by sterner stuff than the trimmings of life.

SCULPTURE AND IMPRESSIONISM.

Impressionism has even invaded sculpture, though little need be said of it. Happily there is little of it. Of all arts sculpture is the most artificial, the most purely decorative, but there has arisen lately a school of sculptors who, being unable to tickle the fancy of the purchasing public with things of beauty, profess to supply instead things of meaning. For instance, one may come across, in almost any art gallery, the semblance of a colossal man, owning hands more than three times the size which might have fitted him, hewn as roughly as possible out of a block of marble, preferably with a chip out of the small of his back, and another out of his left shinbone. This will be entitled the "Spirit of Intoxication," or something equally appropriate. The critics shout with joy. Could the drunkard be brought to view this wonderful illustration of the results of drink,* they tell us, could he but read the great moral lesson to be learned from this work of art, Mr. Keeley's occupation would be gone. And we (not necessarily being drunkards) gaze, and wonder what connection with intoxication, beyond probably driving spectators to drink, this ill-used lump of marble can possibly possess.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

There are the amateur actors who elicit shrieks of laughter by their portrayal of pathos, and tears by their humorous efforts. Theirs is a sad case, and unhappily it is aggravated by such remarks as: "How good it is of these people to take so much trouble on behalf of So-and-So's Orphan Homes." Truly charity covers a multitude of bad art. There is the terrifying bore who owns every volume ever issued by the Kelmscott Press. There is the individual who rhapsodises over every practical joke that Whistler ever foisted upon the British public—because "it is a Whistler." There is that egregious person with the nice little drawing-room voice who scorns nice little drawing-room ballads, and who, when you ask him to perform, insists upon committing suicide after the manner of Tristan, by singing himself to death upon a sofa. Why do they do these things?

But mankind, no less than womankind, must have the fashionable trimmings, despite all considerations relating to complexion and figure. At the present time it is not only the natives of Scotland who like to take their pleasures seriously. Music must have meaning; painting must have science; the drama must be a moral force.

This is indeed a sad world!

*This must not be read as reflecting upon the moral character of the sculptor.

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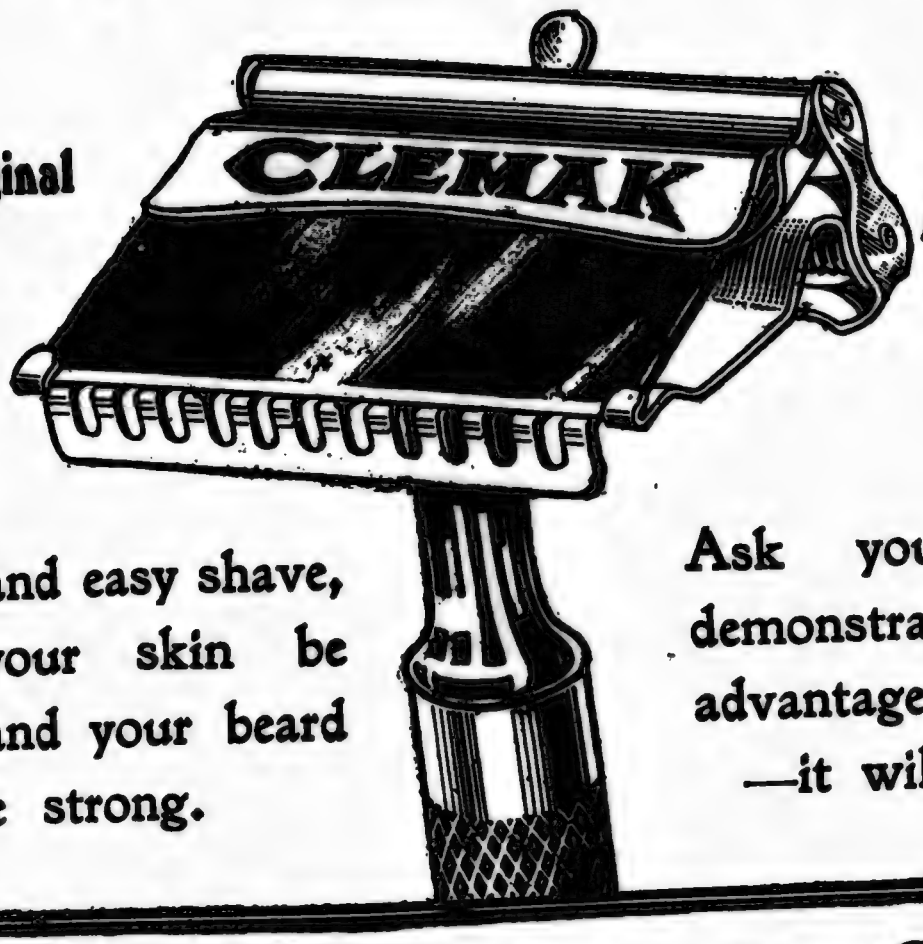

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Don Alfonso XIII.

Sir,—I am somewhat puzzled about the name and address for this letter, for, by the time it appears in print, you may have fled and ceased to reign. That you should have reigned so long is one of the chief mysteries of this mysterious age. You have reigned nominally "by the will of the people," but the people are divided into two parts—Carlists and Republicans. The Alfonsists are only the office-holders, and only Alfonsists so long as they continue to hold office.

Some sympathy is claimed for you on the ground that you reign, but do not govern—that you are, in fact, a mere puppet in the hands of the ministers of a corrupt cortes. You are, however, the figurehead of a régime, and, that régime having been found wanting, it is time for you to go. Your reign has been marked by the loss of the remnant of Spanish Empire in America, and is now to be closed with the surrender of the last outposts in Africa. During your reign, elections have been won by bribery and fraud; public money's have been embezzled; troops have been starved and reduced to rags; political opponents have been arbitrarily imprisoned and tortured in gaol; the freedom of the press has ceased to exist. "I have ordered unrelenting suppression," one of your ministers remarked blandly the other day. "Act without pity" was another characteristic message. It is idle for you to disclaim responsibility for the evils of your reign. If you could not prevent them, Spain has no use for you.

While she was crumbling to pieces, you were scurrying about in your motor, shooting, yachting, amusing yourself heartlessly. Now, it looks as if you will be able to continue your favourite pursuits in the comfort and security of exile. My only grief is for your gracious queen.

John Bull.

To George Redford, Esq.

Sir,—There can be no manner of doubt that you are the right man in the right place. Having been a bank manager, you are obviously the ideal Censor of Plays. Familiarity with cheques will have taught you to check impropriety; a study of ledgers will have prepared you for holding an (unclaimed) balance between manners and art; the intricacies of pass-books will have trained you to a happy indulgence when deciding to reject or pass books of words.

I have read your evidence, and recognise you as a splendid type of the sleek, frock-coated, silk-hatted, Putneyfied type of dress-circle person. The censorship therefore rests on the dress-circle, on the middle-class playgoer, not on the pit and the gallery, which pay for plays, just as, in the political sphere, they pay for the Empire.

The whole of your examination and cross-examination has rendered you ridiculous, not so much personally as in your capacity of the representative of authority. You are a fly on the wheel, but a very busy, buzzing fly. If your office were abolished, you admit that the police and the public would be quite capable of keeping performances within the bounds of propriety. So you are merely an oligarchical drag on the wheel which would run very smoothly under democratic or aristocratic auspices.

Bref! you are an anachronism. You have no power to suppress the foul brilliancy of Restoration drama, but you are as successful as a cart-load of bricks in tabooing a reverent representation of the Crucifixion, such as bishops behold at Oberammergau. You graciously extend indulgence to French frivolity, but you have to depend for your censorship of German plays on your wife, who spells out polysyllables to you after dinner. O! arbiter of art!

Anyhow you have done for yourself now.

John Bull.

To Major L. G. Everitt, J.P., Knowle Hall, Warwickshire.

My Dear Major,—I regret to note that, as an ex-soldier of His Majesty's Army, pensioner of His Majesty's Government, a Justice on His Majesty's Commission of the Peace, and an English sportsman and landowner, you should have refused permission to Colonel Ludlow to operate any part of his forces on your estate during the recent Territorial manœuvres. "I object very strongly to your men crossing any of my land," you wrote to him. "It must be known to you that the partridges have only recently been hatched off; also my tenants are not desirous of having their fields entered, and if the same should be done they have my sanction to apply for compensation for any damage done." As a result, Colonel Ludlow had to alter the whole plan of the manœuvres. It is obvious, my dear Major, that if every landowner in the country acted as you have done in this matter, the difficulties in the way of securing adequate training for Territorial troops would be insuperable. I admit it is possible that the marching and firing of troops across your lands would have caused a temporary flutter among your beloved partridges, but I imagine they will presently flutter a great deal more when they are beaten out of cover, so that you and your guests may shoot them down for the sport of an idle day. Perhaps you forget that the Territorials are part of His Majesty's Army, who may some day be called upon to defend the Englishman's home, including Knowle Hall, and I am wondering whether if it should ever happen that foreign troops landed in this country, and selected Knowle Hall as one of the English residences most to be desired, you would in that hour forbid the operation of Territorial troops across your estate, on the ground that the crack of their rifles and the movement of their battalions would disturb your birds, rub a little tar and paint off your fences, and disarrange the grass. To my mind, Major Everitt, the example you set would be contemptible in any British citizen, but it is infinitely more contemptible in you, sir, for you have worn His Majesty's uniform as an officer of the Army, and are under obligations as a pensioner of the country. I am ashamed of you, and I should think almost every Warwickshire man is ashamed of you. Pray hang out a sign at once over your gates, "In case of this house being attacked by the troops of an invading enemy, Territorials will not be permitted to interfere, as they may disturb the partridges."

John Bull.

To Master Jimmy Wickid, Wycombe Workhouse, Bucks.

Dear James,—Though you are only 2½ years of age, the gravest reports of your conduct reach me. I am told that your language is at times so awful, that if you were bigger you would certainly be muzzled. You were removed from the Poor Law schools to the Workhouse to prevent your distressing the officials and children with your verbal atrocities, and I now hear that a relative, in whose care you were afterwards placed, has returned you to the workhouse, as she can do nothing with you. Evidently somebody took a great deal of pains with you in your early youth, Jimmy. If you knew as many Scripture texts as you know swear words, you would be a moral prodigy. As it is, nobody appears to know what to do with you. Some would send you to Sunday school and others would keep you well spanked. You would learn what I should do with you if you were on my knees. They tell me that you have been handed over to the master and matron of the workhouse for special judicious treatment, and as you are a merry, sturdy little chap, I do hope you will make an earnest effort to improve your vocabulary, otherwise you will have to go into a padded room and talk to yourself. You cannot reasonably expect the Guardians to allow you to go on blistering the paintwork for ever.

John Bull.

Negus Menelik, Addis Ababa.

Sorry to hear of your apoplectic seizure. Afraid you have been eating too much raw meat. Too bad of the Empress Taitie to refuse you a doctor. Silly of her, too, for otherwise you would probably have been dead already. The old order is passing in all the old countries—even Persia and Spain. Perhaps Ethiopia also may soon be civilised. You have been a benevolent ruler according to your lights, but your rule has stood for mutilation, savage despotism, arrogant insolence of blacks towards whites. The sooner your reign is at an end and the plague-spot of Africa is cauterised the better for the cause of civilisation.

Bull.

His Majesty Francis Joseph, Ischl.

Sorry to hear you were rude to the King last year. It is very good of him to come and see you again this year. Hope you will behave better.

Bull.

Balfour, House of Commons.

Your generous and statesmanlike confirmation of Asquith's declaration on National Defence does you credit, and goes far to save the institution of Party Government.

Bull.

Asquith, House of Commons.

Your proposals for expediting passage of Finance Bill mark a further step in the direction of annihilating the private member. Why not abolish him altogether?

Bull.

"PEACEFUL PERSUASION."

LITTLE NAVYITE: "All right, then, you SHALL have your eight 'Dreadnoughts'—but—I'M NOT FRIGHTENED."

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the City Editor.

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue must be received not later than Friday.

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance and other Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information which may be of public interest.

BANKS AND BANKERS IN 1909.

Although the past half-year has been a singularly uneventful one in banking circles, we have the satisfaction—which we would willingly forego—of knowing that our predictions of dwindling dividends have already materialized in several cases, and that everywhere the struggle to maintain the excessive dividends which have been paid in the past is becoming more and more hopeless.

We would again repeat that nothing now remains between bank shareholders and a further diminution of dividends but the salary list, and with the sweating system already introduced, it is impossible that any further substantial savings can be effected in this direction.

John Bull was one of the first papers to disregard the fetish that the capacity of our bank directors and managers is so great as to be above criticism, and over a year ago we frankly called them humbugs.

We are now in the midst of the general meetings of shareholders, and have had the benefit of listening to the windy platitudes which these self-elected oracles of the City vouchsafe to a sycophantic press on such occasions.

However, let us hear what they have to say for themselves. Little enough about their own business. Rather would they show the nation how to manage its affairs.

Hence we have the chief feature of the chairman's speech at the London and Westminster Bank meeting a justification of Lord Rothschild's intrusion into politics, with a few platitudes on cheap money, and new issues thrown in.

At the Capital and Counties Bank meeting Mr. Merriman (and we must not be thought to be including him—a sound man of the world and a practical and experienced banker—in the category of gaseous windbags) took for his text a recent article in John Bull, and expatiated on the iniquity of the Post Office Savings Bank paying rates it could not possibly earn.

Sir Felix Schuster, at the Union and Smiths as "governor"—chairman is too insignificant a title for the most pretentious of all these pretentious officials — uttered his usual stream of platitudes with little or no reference to the practical affairs of the company which he "governs."

Scarcely is our brief review of an uneventful banking year brought to a conclusion, than we hear of what may indeed be described as an "event"—the amalgamation of the London and Westminster with the London and County.

We have no space for a detailed criticism of the transaction, but we would ask our readers not to be dazzled by large figures, but to reflect over a few plain questions.

Does trade and commerce benefit by the disappearance of the moderate-sized bank? Do the enterprising trader and manufacturer get increased assistance and encouragement in their business? Mr. Harriman may find he can borrow larger sums on "Union Pacifics," but does the small man get the same consideration at the hands of the mammoth bank of to-day that he got from the old-fashioned banker?

Are the clerks in these gigantic establishments better off than they were in the old days? If the directors could only hear the candid opinions of these victims of amalgamation they might be startled. But the practice of sweating is now so universal and persistent, that we cannot persuade ourselves that it is possible for bank directors to be unaware of the fact that they now habitually overwork and underpay their clerks.

Any survey of the past half-year would be incomplete without a reference to the irreparable loss which the banking world in general, and Lloyd's Bank in particular, have suffered by the death of Mr. J. Spencer Phillips.

Combined with a thorough knowledge of banking and business, Mr. Phillips possessed a vast fund of sound common-sense, and his practical suggestions on the vexed question of "Bankers' Reserves" stood out in marked contrast with the amiable and meaningless platitudes with which other celebrities of the banking world—whose names are perhaps more widely known — endeavour to draw a red-herring over the trail, and to cover up each other's shortcomings.

LAW GUARANTEE, TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.

We have received a large number of inquiries from correspondents who are interested in one way and another in this Company, and who are concerned as to its stability owing to sinister rumours that have been afloat. To more than one correspondent we have in past issues expressed the opinion that the Company, under the more prudent management of to-day, will see its way through its trouble, but we are afraid we have taken too optimistic a view of the position. Our information is that the uncalled capital, large as it is, will not be sufficient to re-establish the Company upon a sound basis. Its losses have been exceptionally serious in connection with licensed premises, and its commitments are very heavy to various industrial companies.

THE NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA COMPANY.

We have recently received numerous complaints from passengers who have been travellers upon the boats of this Japanese Steamship Company. One well-known London man tells us that he took passage for himself and his wife, and deposited £50, but when he found that he could not travel by that particular vessel, notwithstanding that he had intimated his inability so to travel in time for the Company to fill the berth with other passengers, he had the greatest difficulty in getting back any portion of this deposit money. Ultimately, he got back that part of it which represented his own passage money, namely £25, upon his undertaking to travel by the Line when ultimately he went to Japan, but for his wife, who was unable to accompany him, he could get no portion of the £25 deposit on account of her ticket. The action of the P. and O. in similar cases is in striking contrast, the English company being always ready to return the deposit upon good cause shown for not undertaking the journey.

Passengers have also made to us very serious complaints about the nature of the food supplied on board some of the steamers of this Japanese company, and about this matter we may have something more to say shortly.

THE AUTOMATIC WHEELS PHONOGRAPHS.

A correspondent writes:—

> In September, 1906, I was induced to invest £500 in "Automatic Wheels Phonographs, Ltd.," whose offices are at 37, Walbrook, E.C.
>
> The prospectus contained names calculated to inspire confidence, and inadvisedly I put what was practically the whole of my savings in this Company, and up to now have had no dividend, neither has there been a balance-sheet issued.
>
> I made repeated applications to the secretary (Mr. Bishop), and had replies to the effect that they were negotiating with the French Government to secure certain patent rights in connection with their inventions, and assuring me there was no cause for anxiety.
>
> In March, 1908, I consulted a solicitor, who made enquiries, but with no tangible results.
>
> According to the caretaker, the offices at 37, Walbrook have been closed for a year, and he has no information as to the whereabouts of anybody connected with the company. Letters were called for by someone he did not know. In addition to the name of the Automatic Wheels Phonographs, there is also on the door of the offices the name of the Northern Mercantile Assurance Association, and presumably there is a connection between the two. Possibly some other of your readers have had dealings with this firm, and by ventilating the matter it is possible (if not probable) that the Crown Official might be tempted to make enquiries.
>
> What does John Bull think?

Well, we say that the matter shall be looked into, but that it is a thousand pities that men should risk their savings in speculative ventures of this kind, about which they can know nothing, and, apparently, without taking the precaution of first making enquiries.

THE GENERAL MOTOR CAB COMPANY.

We hear many strange rumours in connection with this company. And we do not like the recent debenture issue. We are afraid that all is not well.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

Safe Deposit.—Anxious (Manchester).—We do not recommend it. T. C. (Brixton).—We should prefer to keep it in the Post Office Savings Bank.

Outside Brokers.—H. H. (Beckenham).—All the people you name are much of a muchness. Have nothing to do with any of them. M. W. (Enfield).—Ditto. Senrab (Balham).—This firm has been doing business for a great number of years, and we have never heard anything to its discredit. R. M. (Belfast).—Our information is that the firm you mention pay when they lose. A. B. C.—Have nothing to do with the people you name, any one of them. Status (Lansallos).—Ditto. D. S. M. (Partick).—Ditto. St. Michaels (Llanlithgow).—Ditto. B. J. W. (Pontypool).—Ditto.

"Profit and Pleasure."—W. H.—We thank you for the information you have sent us.

CASH REGISTER COMPANY.—E. H. S. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We think, in the circumstances, you had better consult a solicitor before deciding.

[illegible]MAN'S, LIMITED.—WORKER (Wandsworth).—We do not think there is the likelihood of any considerable rise.

[illegible] QUEEN GOLD DREDGING COMPANY, LIMITED.—W. S. J. (Hayward's [illegible]).—We are much of your opinion. Your papers have been returned [illegible]ver.

SANTA FE LAND SHARES.—SAFETY (Edinburgh).—Not suitable for you.

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—J. B. C. (Bolton).—We advise you not to send any money to these people. We return your [illegible].

INVESTMENT OF £1,000.—BULLOCK (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—All three investments are sound, but we should prefer the railway stock. The bank shares [illegible] I mean heavy uncalled liability.

[illegible]BECK BUILDING SOCIETY.—W. R. S. (Edmonton).—They would treat [illegible] fairly and as well as any.

[illegible] J. SAMUDA AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—M. J. H. (Wandsworth Common).—It is not an investment that we should have recommended.

ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST COMPANY.—T. H. (Port Glasgow).—We think there is a very slight probability indeed of your getting any portion of your money [illegible].

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—H. W. (Glasgow).—We do not recommend you to have anything to do with it.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—A. C. (Bloemfontein).—This company went into liquidation some months ago.

SOUND SECURITIES.—BUFFY (Glasgow).—We think your selection an excellent one.

LONDON ELECTROBUS COMPANY.—CONSTANT READER (Whitehall Place).—We cannot recommend you to accept the advice given to you by the "Cosmopolitan Financier" in respect to this company. We return your papers.

WIGGIN AND COMPANY.—R. S. (Swansea Valley).—The lotteries are genuine enough, but we do not recommend your subscribing to them.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.—B. S. C. (Sunderland).—In liquidation.

THE EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.—W. G. (Stamford Hill).—We are unable to recommend the course you suggest.

THE UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMITED.—E. L. C. (Llandudno).—Yes.

JOHN BARKER AND COMPANY.—H. E. V. (London).—We do not think there would be much advantage in transferring to the Associated Newspapers. The company has its ups and downs like all other commercial ventures, but it is sound at heart, and, even if it does not get back to the 12½ per cent. dividends, we know of nothing to suggest any serious shrinkage of business.

W. E. WALLS AND COMPANY UNITED.—W. F. C. (Dublin).—We have no information respecting this West of England concern, except that we are under the impression that it is dead.

EASTERN TELEGRAPHS ORDINARY.—WIRELESS (Fleetwood).—Yes, an excellent purchase.

ALBION COAL COMPANY, LIMITED.—Y. M. B. C. (Tylerstown).—We cannot recommend the investment.

J. B. CROWN AND COMPANY.—T. A. W. (Narberth).—We cannot advise it.

HOUSE PURCHASE POLICY.—P. B. C. (Wandsworth).—It is very doubtful.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—A. B. (Castle Hedingham).—If you are satisfied with the yield, the security is, of course, of the best. Indeed we are surprised that you should ask us what are the risks involved in buying Consols. The one risk, of course, is that the price may go lower, as it probably will if this Government remains in office much longer.

HAMMERSMITH SKATING RINK, LIMITED.—REGULAR READER.—We are opposed to investment in any of these rink companies; they are much too ephemeral for our taste.

THE INVESTMENT REGISTRY, LIMITED.—J. W. (Oxford Street).—No.

PALACE RESTAURANTS, LIMITED.—F. D. (Battersea Park).—You should consult a solicitor.

VARIOUS ADDRESSES.—H. E. D. (Bristol).—We regret that we cannot send you the addresses you require.

LONDON AND SCOTTISH STOCK EXCHANGE.—W. S. (Plymouth).—Better have nothing to do with them. Anyone who really thinks it likely that £50 sent to these people will result in his making a net cash profit of something like £675, in four months, is past praying for.

PAQUIN, LIMITED.—TIGER (Brook Green).—The company has paid large dividends for many years, indeed since its inception, but the weakness of its position, from the investor's point of view, is that it has nothing in the way of assets beyond goodwill, and the credit it has to give is exceptionally long.

CALL OPTIONS.—CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Cockermouth).—We really cannot undertake to do sums in arithmetic for you. The calculation you ask us to make can be equally well made by yourself.

TWO BUILDING SOCIETIES.—ALPHA.—The Perpetual, of New Bridge Street, and the Temperance Permanent, of Ludgate Hill.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—H. G. H. (Bredhurst).—We do not recommend institutions that pay such high rates of interest.

GREAT BONANZA.—F. W. (Wood Green).—We should not increase the holding.

INVESTMENT OF £200.—PIOLINIST (Glasgow).—The shares you mention are all sound, but you could get a better return for your money from some others. For example, the Cumulative Preferred Ordinary of the Maypole Dairy Company would give you, at their present price, a much higher yield, and the security is excellent; and John Bull Prefs. would give you a safe 6 per cent.

INVESTMENT OF £60.—C. O'R. (Burnley).—Put the money into some good industrial shares.

SUNDRY SHARES.—MICK (Dublin).—The shares you mention are very speculative. We advise you to take a quick profit.

R. A. SMITH AND COMPANY.—H. A. (London).—We agree with your view of the transactions, but we should take the £6 offered. It is better than nothing, and, if you sue for the whole, you may be faced by the Gaming Act.

TWO SHARES.—IAGO (Cardiff).—Both are very speculative.

PEOPLE'S ACCIDENT LEGAL AID SOCIETY.—W. J. H. (Hastings).—This is one of the societies that should be avoided.

FIVE SECURITIES.—J. A. (Sheffield).—They are all sound securities.

THE MINERVA MUTUAL MONEY SOCIETY.—MINERVA (Newport).—The society seems to be well managed, and, although the cash balance is a very small one, the reason given by the secretary may be accepted.

HAUGHTON DICKSON AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—T. M. (Swansea).—We cannot advise you to take the preference shares which have been offered to you. The business is a one-man show, the vendor having been Mr. Haughton Dickson, and the sole director of the company being the same gentleman. We do not like the advertisement offering these preference shares, in which a great point is made of the ordinary shares of the company having received a 75 per cent. dividend for the first year's working. It is quite true that a dividend of 75 per cent. on the ordinary shares has been declared, but, inasmuch as it only requires £353 2s. 6d. to pay it, it does not amount to much, and it seems something more than congruous that, whilst investors are invited to find new capital for the development of the business and are told that it is making such extraordinary profits that a dividend on the ordinary shares of this trading concern of 75 per cent. has been paid, only £26 3s. 4d. is placed to reserve and £22 3s. 6d. carried forward, the entire amount available for dividend, according to the accounts, being £444 13s. only. We desire to insinuate nothing against the management of the company, but the facts to which we have directed attention seem to us to deprive the preference shares now offered of any attraction.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

EQUITABLE HOUSE PURCHASE PROPERTY.—J. T. (Sunderland.)—No, you cannot compel them to buy back your certificate.

LOAN OF £15.—H. D. S. (Birmingham).—We are afraid you could not raise the £15 on the policy you describe, but you might write to the Edinburgh Life Assurance Company and see what they say about it. We, however, think it very unlikely that they would make you the loan.

HOUSE PURCHASE.—CARPENTER.—We cannot advise you to deal with the society you name.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—LESTER (Leicester).—We know of no one who would give you the sum you have paid in upon your 30-year bond, less 10 per cent. Your second question had better be addressed to the association direct.

THE REFUGE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—G. W. B. (Edinburgh).—You need have no fear as to the stability of the office. You should see the manager as to the transfer of your interest. CONSTANT READER (Walthamstow).—Yes, quite sound.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—ELTA (Leeds).—In our opinion, the amalgamation is likely to prove of advantage to the holders of certificates in the Provincial Homes Investment Corporation. We may have something more to say on this matter in the course of a week or two. ANXIOUS (London).—We recommend the transfer.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—F. L. W. (Cork).—We think you would have considerable difficulty in obtaining a higher sum from outside quarters than the surrender value entitles you to from the office. W. T. (Peckham).—If you think that the persons who visit you are pursuing a course of conduct that would not be approved by the head office, you should communicate the facts to the head office.

LONDON MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY, LIMITED.—F. H. B. (Tunbridge Wells).—We are obliged by the enclosures in your letter, which shall have our attention.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. H. B. (Woodford).—Notwithstanding, we advise you to continue the payments.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—W. P. (Leeds).—It is a good company, and its Ideal policy, as we have said in JOHN BULL more than once, is a very attractive one. Of course, the month's money to which you refer would be paid you should you at any time terminate your connection with the company.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—C. W. P. (Haslemere).—Yes, quite.

IRISH PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—JAN (Aberdeen).—We know of no good reason why you should not do so.

THE ONE AND ALL MUTUAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—T. P. P.—We regret that we can be of no service to you in the matter.

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE.—J. G. (Nottingham).—We are well aware that this company is of the highest standing, and that its offers to the public are second to none.

HEARTS OF OAK LIFE AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. P. (Garndiffaith).—We have no such information.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—C. T. V. (Ilford).—We think it very doubtful.

INSURANCE OF LIVE.—R. R. H. (Penzance).—The only company that issues the Ideal policy is the British Homes Assurance Corporation, of 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—PROVINCIAL (Plymouth).—In the proposal form you send us, and which is a copy of the one you sent for the information of the corporation, you are requested to answer the following question: "Have you ever made a claim or claims or received compensation?" And you answer "No." You tell us that on the 4th January last you took out a policy resting upon the statements made by you in the proposal form, and that since then the corporation has discovered that you had a very serious accident from diving about four years ago, when you received heavy compensation from an insurance company, and that you obtained further compensation from another insurance company last year for a sprain. In these circumstances, the corporation refuse to settle your claim, and you want to know whether you can compel them to do so. We think not. If a person makes false statements on a proposal form, he does so at the risk of the policy being voided upon the discovery of the falsity of the statements.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—VICTOR (Upper Holloway).—Yes, you would be liable, otherwise it would be heads you win and tails they lose.

NORTHERN EQUITABLE INSURANCE COMPANY.—B. B. (Dundee).—It is a young but progressive office. J. D. W. (Pontypridd).—Ditto.

TWO INSURANCE OFFICES.—HOLLOWAY (Highgate Hill).—The West of Scotland Fire Office now transacts accident and burglary in addition to fire insurance. It has an excellent record. The policies and contracts of the County Fire Office are guaranteed by the Alliance Assurance Company, Limited, which is, of course, one of the strongest in the United Kingdom.

LAW CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—ANTI-CANT (Sittingbourne).—We should hold.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY.—ANGLO-INDIAN (Birmingham).—It is not whether you consider the company ought to undertake the risk, but what they are willing to accept, and, as they require a larger premium for a person resident in India, believing, probably quite rightly, that the risk is greater to the life than it would be in England, you must either pay the additional £3 or drop the policy.

TWO AUSTRALIAN ASSURANCE COMPANIES.—ARGUS (Blackpool).—No, the Mutual Life and Citizens' Insurance Company, Limited, of Australia, and the Australian Mutual Provident Society are separate companies. The head office of the one is at Melbourne, where it was established in 1869, and the head office of the other at Sydney, where it was established in 1849.

NEW ERA ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—CONSTANT READER (Clifton).—The National Standard Life Assurance Corporation is a young office, but quite able to fulfil its undertakings. We return the letters from the New Era.

PHŒNIX ASSURANCE COMPANY.—T. F. R. R. (Cricklewood).—It is "an equitable valuation" if it is made in accordance with the principles upon which this company does its business, and there is nothing to show that it is not. But we agree that other offices would have given you a better result.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—NON-INSURER (Leyton).—Referring to the answer given under this head in our issue of July 24th, an Insurance Broker writes us:—"If the office in question is the Sun Life Assurance Company *of Canada*, 'Non-Insurer's' grievance is at once explained by the fact that this company, according to the life insurance tables I have before me, only allows surrender values to policies of at least *three* years' duration, whereas 'Non-Insurer' says he paid but two annual premiums. If, however, the policy was effected with the Sun Life Assurance Society (of England), the same conditions might apply—the insurance tables state that endowment assurance *(with profits)* can be surrendered according to a sliding scale—but it would be necessary to know whether it was a 'with profits' policy or not. Judging by the low premium paid, the policy would be a non-profits one, unless 'Non-Insurer' was very young when he took it out, and chose a very long term. This seems to be one of those many cases of entering into a contract without previously ascertaining the terms and conditions governing it, and then grumbling when it is too late, as so many life assurance offices allow no surrender value until three full annual premiums have been paid."

With reference to our article of last week upon "Profit and Pleasure," the proprietors have called upon us and have asked us to give them space for a reply, which will appear in our next issue.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

PERJURY IN THE COURTS.

It is often said that the authorities are over-slow in prosecuting for perjury in the Courts, and the observation is a natural one. Anyone who follows the proceedings of the Courts cannot fail to be struck with the amount of perjury committed in the witness-box. But between the moral certainty that perjury has been committed and legal proof of it there is a wide chasm. A few days ago this view of the matter was emphasised by that very experienced judge, Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, who said it was a curious fact, and one that he was unable to explain, that it was very seldom that a jury could be got to convict a man of perjury when the Courts had ordered his trial for that offence, in consequence of something he had said in the witness-box. Lord Justice Vaughan Williams expressed a confident opinion that if the records were consulted they would show that in at least 75 per cent. of these perjury prosecutions the jury refused to convict.

The case which led to this remark of the learned judge was one in which a man sued a railway company for damages and the jury had given him £2,000. It was not denied that injury had been inflicted upon the plaintiff in the way described, but it was contended on the part of the Railway Company that the plaintiff had committed perjury in the box in that in answer to counsel for the Railway Company he had said that he had previously been in good health, when, as a matter of fact, he had been at times in ill-health. Mr. Simon, who appeared for the Railway Company in the Court of Appeal, produced two affidavits traversing the statements of the plaintiff as to health, in the Court below, and he contended that if the plaintiff had answered him truthfully in cross-examination the verdict of the jury might have been different. But not only Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, but the two other Lords Justices, took up very strong ground as to what was necessary to induce them to direct a new trial on the plea of perjury. As Lord Justice Vaughan Williams put it, to induce the Appeal Court to give such direction it is not only necessary for counsel to show that there has been additional evidence got together since the trial, but that the balance of the evidence was very much in favour of the view that perjury had been committed. The Court will not consent to a new trial unless there is almost overwhelming evidence, not submitted at the original trial, that perjury has been committed, evidence that in the opinion of the Court would induce a new jury to give a different verdict, It is, too, to be remembered that if the Court of Appeal directs a new trial on the ground of perjury on the part of the plaintiff, he goes back to seek his remedy in the Lower Court, with this opinion of the Court of Appeal hanging like a millstone round his neck. In these circumstances it is only fair to the plaintiff that the new incriminating evidence should be of the strongest possible character.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Referring to the letter on this subject in our issue of July 24th, a correspondent writes:—

> I suspect that the losses which the Bristol firm would sustain by reason of the abolition of imprisonment for debt would make no serious difference in their income. But what I wish to call attention to is the argument that because the debtor pays when brought face to face with imprisonment, he had the means to pay at the time when the committal order was made—perhaps some months previously. It sometimes happens that he had not the means to pay one hour previously. A not unusual case is, I believe, that he is arrested immediately after receiving his week's wages with the money in his pocket, when, to avoid imprisonment, he gives it up, and has perforce to live on credit for the next week. Or else he manages to borrow the money at perhaps an exorbitant rate of interest. The most ordinary case, I believe, is that of a debtor who has not the means to pay when the order is made, but subsequently acquires that means by incurring liabilities to an equal or larger amount. What does the public gain by this substitution of creditors? Somebody must lose in the long run, but the debtor may figure twenty times before the County Court judge with a new creditor each time, still playing the old game of staving off imprisonment by incurring new liabilities. At last he dies, or goes away, or the new creditor fails to establish means to pay, or finally he goes to prison and serves out his sentence. He is in the toils throughout, and no escape is ever available except by payment in full of all his debts with costs, and probably interest added.

"ILLEGAL OPERATIONS."

Though we are, by no means inclined to take a lenient view of the class of crime known as "illegal operations," we think the judges should strive to agree among themselves in regard to its punishment. In a case at Manchester, a woman who was found guilty of manslaughter as a result of the death of a "patient," was sentenced by Mr. Justice Hamilton to twelve months' hard labour. In another case, tried at Leeds, a woman was sentenced by the judge to ten years' penal servitude in exactly similar circumstances, the indictment in each case charging wilful murder. Whichever of the sentences was right, it is obvious that one of them was wrong.

"A VERY SERIOUS LIBEL."

The Divisional Court has decided that it is not a Contempt of Court for a Plaintiff in a libel action, or a newspaper to publicly declare that something in respect of which an action for libel is pending, not only *is* a libel, but a "very serious libel." We live and learn. Until this decision, we had, in the profundity of our ignorance, always been under the impression that both those points were the very things which had to be determined in the action, and that it was a Contempt of Court to either prejudge or prejudice such issue. But, as we hasten to repeat, we live and learn.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Motor Cycle.—Tyke (Sheffield).—As the man sold you what was not his you can bring an action against him for the value, and demand the return of your money.

Marine Store Dealer.—Hanleyite.—The word "metals" bears the same meaning as in the old Acts.

Sale of Business.—Nemo.—As the man has neither opened nor maintained premises in opposition to you within the prescribed distance, you have no remedy. Working for another person was not prohibited under your agreement.

Vote of Naturalised Colonial Subject.—S. B.—A person who has been naturalised in Australia is not a British subject for all purposes in England and he can only get a vote by becoming naturalised here according to English law.

Children's Right to Property.—F. O. N.—The son who is over 21 can obtain letters of administration by applying to the Probate Registry, Somerset House. He must divide the property equally between the children.

Rent of House.—Quadrant.—If the house was sold after the tenancy had been ended, the purchaser did not acquire any right to rent from the tenant. The original owner and no one else could recover it if it was technically due, as appears to be the case.

Ejectment of Tenant.—A. C.—The best course is to give the tenant formal notice to quit, and at the same time to notify him that, if he does not go at the end of the time, the rent will be doubled. If he does not pay you can distrain, or serve him with a fresh notice to quit. If he does not go, you can bring an action against him for possession in the County Court, and he will then be ejected.

Illegal Pawning.—A. H.—You can summon the pawnbroker, and require him to deliver up the goods, and you can prosecute the man for illegally pawning them.

Singer Sewing Machine Transaction.—W. M. C.—These hire-purchase agreements are generally very unsatisfactory, as you pay about three times the value of the machine, and we advise you to write to the head office and explain that you agreed to buy the machine for £10 10s., and that, as you have paid £9 10s. and have been allowed £1 for old machine, nothing more is due. You will then hear what they say, as that is better than dealing with agents. It seems to us that you owe nothing more.

Fallen Ceiling.—Homelight.—The landlord is not responsible for the damage.

Division of Estate.—Legal.—The widow will take the whole estate if it does not exceed £500, but, if it does, she will take one-third of the freehold for life and one-third of the personalty absolutely. The rest will go to the children, but the freehold will go to the eldest son.

Clerk's Salary.—Olney.—If you have been in the habit of beginning work at 9.30, and you have no agreement that the hour for starting shall be 9, you can recover the sum deducted, but such an action is very undesirable. Write a letter to your employer and embody in it the exact terms of your agreement, and get him to write his assent to it. You will then be secure for the future. You should provide for overtime being paid for.

Book Debts.—Rex.—The purchaser of the book debts has all the rights of the creditor, and can bring actions for their recovery.

Trespass by Landlord.—A. E. B.—The premises were in your occupation, and you can bring an action for trespass and damages against the landlord.

Taxation of Costs.—T. J.—As the bill has been taxed, nothing further can be done, and you must pay. Dismiss the solicitors.

Mortgaged Securities.—H. J.—When the mortgagee sells the property he must account to the mortgagor for the money and pay over all surplus. If interest is in arrear, he is entitled to add that to his debt.

Legacy.—H. O. (Beeston).—The executors have a year in which to clear up the estate, and, if the will directs a sale, they must sell, and can be compelled to do so. You cannot demand payment of the legacy until the estate has been realised. If you bring an action in the County Court, the executor might be called on to pay costs personally.

Payment of Income Tax.—T. B. (Folkestone).—You are quite right. The interest on foreign securities "paid abroad" is not liable to income tax unless it is received in the United Kingdom in specie, or in a remittance payable in the United Kingdom.

Post-Dated Cheque.—Pol (Marylebone).—There is nothing illegal in your taking 10s. a month for the loan of £10, or in taking it in the form of a post-dated cheque.

Recovery of Loan.—E. W. (Glasgow).—Yours is a very hard case, but if you cannot get the man's address, we do not know how you are to recover the money. If, as you say, he is in the employment of Messrs. J. Graves and Co., jewellers, of Sheffield, then it should not be difficult for a solicitor to find his address. Why not try? We return the letter you sent for our inspection.

Copyright Title for Cigarette.—Proxondo.—There is nothing to prevent your naming a cigarette as you propose, but the photograph might be an infringement of copyright.

Naturalisation.—M. S.—The children of alien parentage are English if they are born in England, and they need no naturalisation. Children not born in England do not become English merely by the naturalisation of their father.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

£231,850 PAID TO CLIENTS ▪ RESERVE FUND **£30,000**

£3,160 INCREASE SINCE LAST ADVERTISEMENT

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We charge neither brokerage nor commission. We buy and sell at the actual prices ruling at the time of buying or selling on the London Stock Exchange, and these prices are published daily in the "Globe," "Evening Standard," "Financial News," "Financial Times," etc., etc., so that they can always be checked. We limit liability as no broker does; that fact alone sometimes means an enormous saving. There is no waiting for the Fortnightly Settlement Day, as we pay cash in full directly a deal is closed. Clients can choose what stock or share they like if they do not care to take our advice or follow our recommendations. Clients can control stocks or shares on 1%, 2%, 3%, or any higher margin they wish, or purchase the securities outright. That we have paid clients nearly £250,000 in 2½ years, have been established for many years, can give banker's and clients' references is assuredly proof of commercial and financial stability.

Can any reader of "John Bull" name one single advantage which he could obtain—and which we do not give him—by dealing with a House Broker instead of with us? Of course not. Very well, then, listen to this. It is absolutely true. If every speculator during the recent African boom had transacted his or her business through us, together they would, on a very low estimate, have

SAVED £1,000,000 IN BROKERAGE,

and possibly, nay probably, been some hundreds of thousands of pounds in pocket besides, because we limit liability. Those who had the misfortune to lose money on the Stock Exchange during the recent short-lived Kaffir boom, should take heed and learn the lesson that it is quicker and cheaper as well as being infinitely safer to do business with the National Share Exchange than with any broker inside or outside the Stock Exchange. We do not ask for your business until we prove to you that what we have said is true—absolutely true. The coupon below will bring you proof.

Telephone—712 London Wall. Telegrams—"Natsharex, London."

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The National Share Exchange,
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STOCK AND SHARE DEALERS.

J.B. 924

Please forward me a list of 10,500 *cheques, together with full particulars of how with £6 you have been able to pay your clients nearly £250,000 in 2½ years.*

NAME .....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)
ADDRESS IN FULL .....
Please Write Distinctly.

JOHN BULL (third notice), 24th July, 1909: "The National Share Exchange plays fair."

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

Specially Mis-reported for "John Bull."

By Richard Morton.

(Mr. Morton Satirises our Police Court Proceedings.)

ALLEGED SHOPLIFTING.—TRIUMPHANT VINDICATION OF A REAL LADY.

It is our agreeable duty to record an interesting and pleasing function that took place yesterday at the Mid-London Police Court, a spot which usually knows nothing of romance, but where scenes of dolour and distress are of daily occurrence, and where seldom is witnessed an incident at once so satisfactory in itself and so entirely in accord with the spirit of justice.

It is a pity that the public was not informed in advance of the pretty spectacle in preparation, as there is no doubt a great crowd would have liked to participate in the ceremony. As it happened, the Court was almost empty of the general public when Mrs. Hyde Parker burst like a ray of sunlight upon its workaday gloom.

She was fashionably attired in an Empire gown of royal purple velvet with revers of nun's veiling and a double flounce of hopsack, bordered with ruffles of real lace. A dog-collar of diamonds decked her shapely throat, and her picture hat of green Tuscan straw was crowned with ostrich plumes and aigrettes of Whitby jet. Leaning on the arm of her solicitor, Sir Gorgious Abrahams, she passed between a guard of honour, composed of police inspectors, the Legion of Frontiersmen, and some boy scouts. A band, hidden in a corridor, leading on ordinary occasions to the cells, played "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" as she was escorted to a seat, luxuriously upholstered for this special ceremony, in the well of the Court.

It should be mentioned that the dock had been temporarily removed from the Court, as it was felt that it would be unkind in the extreme to expose to the lady's eyesight such a symbol of the humiliation that is inflicted on others.

A great mass of flowers and green foliage was artistically arranged around the bench and the witness-box, and dainty fountains of soft perfume were pattering liquid music in secluded corners.

Rising in the hush of an eager and expectant Court, Sir Gorgious Abrahams said that on a previous occasion it had been stated in evidence that the lady he had the honour to represent had actually been given into custody by Messrs. Summer, Sale and Co. on the ground that she had been seen to purloin and steal three silk blouses and a lace handkerchief. It was also proved she placed these articles under the cloak she was wearing, and was slipping unperceived away from the premises when some officious person stopped her. On that evidence, the magistrate would remember, he had remanded the lady on substantial bail.

The Magistrate: For that error I am wearing sackcloth, and a hair shirt next my skin.

Murmurs of approval swelled the air, and Sir Gorgious proceeded: A remarkable circumstance has now occurred, which puts quite a different complexion on the matter. The lady herself states most distinctly that she is not guilty, and in face of this stupendous declaration the prosecutors have no option but to retire from the case.

The Magistrate: It is time they did.

A partner in the firm of Messrs. Summer, Sale and Co. said they thought the facts as originally proved entitled them to prosecute, but they now saw the error of their ways. The statement of the lady placed the affair in quite a different light. Besides, there was medical evidence to show that the lady had a headache some months ago. If these facts had been within his knowledge, this mistaken prosecution would never have been initiated. In the circumstances he unreservedly withdrew all accusations.

The Magistrate said the great heart of the British public would go out to the lady in this her hour of triumph, following so closely as it did upon her period of suffering. A huge mistake had been made to lodge such a charge against a lady so rich, so influential, and so well connected. But all is well that ends well, and he was proud to dismiss the charge, and to return the lady unsullied to the arms of her wealthy friends. He was sorry for the inconvenience she had been put to, and he handed her a bunch of lilies, saying that they were the emblem of innocence.

The touching words of his worship drew a tear from every eye in Court, and Mrs. Hyde Parker herself was visibly affected. As the outcome of these proceedings, it is understood she will be recommended for the Victoria Cross, the Albert Medal, and the Certificate of the Royal Humane Society.

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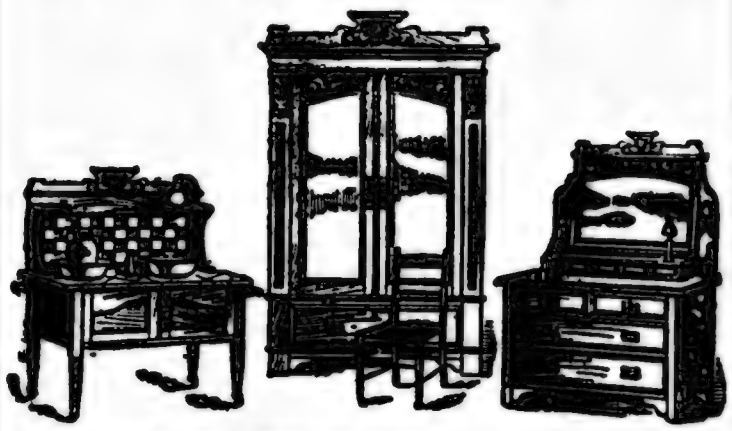

Handsome WALNUT BEDROOM SUITE, comprising 4ft. double glass door wardrobe with large drawer beneath; large dressing chest of drawers with bevelled swing glass and 4 drawers in the underpart; marble top and tiled back wash stand with cupboard in the underpart and towel rails fixed; and 2 chairs. The whole suite is beautifully carved and of high-class finish. Price complete **£12-19-6**

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It is invaluable to those about to furnish and it will be sent together with all particulars of our Gradual Payment System, post free on application.

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200	...	...	...	...	4 10	0
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HUMAN DOCUMENT.—LV.

Who will help? We have received the following letter, and if any of our readers can help Finney in the way he suggests we are confident they will do so:—

"There are hundreds of people who have any quantity of periodicals—music, magazines, novels—of no use to them, that they would like to clear out. The thing is to find out those who have them. Twelve months ago I wrote to twelve gentlemen picked haphazard out of "Who's Who." The first was Mr. Adcock, of Hampstead, a book critic, asking him to give me any old mags., periodicals, &c., offering in return to do a day or two's digging in his garden, paint-cleaning, &c. He asked me to call at his house; I did. They treated me like a king. They had me in the drawing-room, made me tea, &c., and broke my heart with kindness. They gave me as many books as I could carry (6s. novels). A week or two after they were moving to Rickmansworth; they sent to me to bring a barrow. They treated me as if I was one of their own, instead of a stranger and an old man. When I went home it was with a light heart but a heavy load. I had about 3 cwt. of books. I never forget them in my prayers. How I love to think of those kind people! What is there I would not do for them! I would freely give my life for them.

"Another that I wrote to was Bullen, who is a great writer of sea stories. He sent me a box-full and said if I had written a week sooner he could have sent me 2 cwt. of mags. which he had sent to the workhouse. The next and last I sent to was Frank Barrett, another great novel-writer. I had a barrow-load of books from him. Before sending to me they wrote to the Vicar of my Church. In the correspondence that ensued, the letter of the vicar eventually fell into my hands. I have enclosed it for your perusal; but as I have a great objection to have my name hawked about, I dropped this method of getting them. My illustrations are merely to show you that there are some good people about who don't mind helping those less fortunate than themselves. Now if you would put a few lines in your up-to-date paper stating you would like to help an elderly couple of 65, who had been out of employment nearly four years (money not accepted), would readers who had any old periodicals, books, music, magazines, novels, which they did not require please send them (carriage paid) to JOHN BULL office? If you would put something like this in your lovely paper, it would I am sure mean rent paid and enough to eat for weeks to come, besides having a load of care taken off my mind. What more can I say?

CHARLES FINNEY.

The letter referred to by Finney was one written by the Vicar of his Parish to a gentleman who had made enquiries. It runs as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—Concerning the applicant, Charles Finney, my visitors know him very well indeed, and speak very highly of him and his wife. They have never asked help from us, but we feel they are worthy recipients of any help bestowed. The statements made by him are true.—Yours faithfully,

H. MUST,

St. David's Vicarage, Arundel Square, N. Aug 26th, 1908.

CHEAP DIVORCE.

A life of single blessedness
I've always advocated,
Because one always stands a chance
Of being badly mated;
When, even if deceived, betrayed,
Together you must live
Because the cost of a divorce
Is quite prohibitive.

With millionaires 'tis different, and
With people fairly wealthy,
For when they find their marriage proves,
Well—morally unhealthy,
They've got the £ s. d. you see,
Of liberty the source—
The rich alone can stand the great
Expense of a divorce.

Then give us cheap divorce courts where
The man whose purse is slender,
And woman, too, can claim the great
Relief the law can render,
By snapping bonds that gall, when faith
Is broken, love betrayed,
Nor force the poor still to endure
The shackles that degrade.

RETLAW.

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3 to 5 per cent. interest paid on transferable Deposit Notes, which are issued in sums of £1 to £1,000 for periods of from 7 days to 6 months.

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3 per cent. at seven days' notice.
3½ " at one month's notice.
4 " at three months' notice.
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"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. Parker.

"Made in England."

Where is the dirigible, lately "discovered" by a correspondent in a northern suburb, which is intended for exportation to Germany? And why should we be "surprised" at such a happening? Pleased would be a better word, but since we have been turning out aerostats of pretty good quality since the days of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher, there is nothing to be astonished at. Further details would be welcome, however *pace* the constructors, for no doubt we seem to be getting left behind lately as regards our progress with the steerable balloon—in public, at least. Once the machine is inflated it should be as hard to conceal as Mark Twain's stolen white elephant was difficult to find. Will it go to Berlin under its own power, or *via* Vlissingen by *petite vitesse?* Mr. Oscar Schweiner, who writes so charmingly in the *Daily Mail*, might investigate the matter as throwing light on a new development in our natural industries. We English are always being surprised at our own progress, whereas the accumulated mass of effort directed into every department of enterprise at home to-day is perhaps greater than that in any other country. We work apart and greatly in secret in England, and do not centralise or advertise either as freely as other nations do, but we "get there" all the same.

An American Flyer.

The figures given for the Curtiss Biplane, a very complete description of which appeared in a recent number of *Flight*, are very remarkable, and the machine is an undoubted success. The names connected with it are well-known and the fact that A. M. Herring, Chanuté's ablest lieutenant, had a share in the construction of it at once puts it out of the catagory of "freak" machines. Balance has evidently been extraordinarily well-studied, and the small warping wings placed between the main planes at their outer ends seem to act with great efficiency in preserving lateral stability. The motor itself weighs only 85 lbs., and delivers 30 h.p. at a speed of 1,200 revs., while the whole apparatus, driver included, totals 550 lbs. This is a long way ahead in economy of weight over anything of the kind elsewhere, and if the motor functions well and does not overheat the French engines have been squarely beaten at their own game. The little machine is expensive, the price paid by the Aeronautic Society being £1,000. The small supporting surface, 272 sq. ft., is remarkable in proportion to the weight lifted.

Small Aeroplanes.

The Blériot small monoplane, "No. XI." is another of the successes in this direction, and with its latest engine, a three-cylinder Anzani, has done wonders in showing what can be done with a small supporting surface at high speed. M. Blériot deserves his luck, if such it can be called, for he is absolutely indefatigable. I have seen him fairly dragged away from Issy-les-Moulineaux by his friends when the lights began to twinkle across the parade ground, and he would still insist in making one more attempt in semi-darkness regardless of the danger. This, too, after long hours of patient experiment when all but he were weary of the whole affair and secretly vowing they would never watch another aeroplane as long as they lived. Always smiling and confident, in tight skull cap with hideous ear-flaps and a suit of "overalls," his face liberally sprinkled with flying oil from the screw, he looked a quaint but fascinating figure, a sort of "man from Mars," whose keen blue eyes saw things hidden from the rest of us. We stood about in mundane hats and overcoats, cursing the cold wind, and thinking how much cosier the Boulevards would be than the bleak vista of factory chimneys and the dim line of the fortifications, which constitute the sole *mise-en-scene* at Issy-the-Inhospitable. Eight years is a long time nowadays, and it is all that since Blériot started the experiments which are at last crowned with success and have brought him fame, if they have not made him money. That will come later, no doubt. Meanwhile, it would be well for aviation in England if we could produce one or two of the same type. We have our Lanchesters of the Laboratory, and are duly proud of them; but where is our British Blériot? From the plains of Farnborough and the sandy shores of Sheppey, answer comes not—the oracles are dumb!

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

Sims' and Shirley's Adaptation.

I am absolutely amazed to think Mr. George R. Sims should have gone out of his way to address me as he has done, for, believe me, I never for one instant associated him with being either directly or indirectly responsible for the undoubtedly misleading advertisements that have been appearing daily in the newspapers referring to the real authorship of the French play "Les Deux Gosses," adapted by him and Mr. Arthur Shirley for the English stage.

To me, Mr. Sims has ever been such a firm and staunch upholder of all that is fair and square in love and war, that I cannot for the life of me understand his present attitude. Why, I at one time almost looked on him as the "Tribune of the people," and being an author himself, I naturally believed he would have been one of the very first to resent such an oversight on the part of the Lyceum management. He accuses me of trying to cause trouble; all I have done is to plead that if a man's work is good enough to be used in any form whatever, then his name is good enough to be used too—and should go up along with it.

I wonder if the Bancrofts or John Hare would have dreamed of advertising "Diplomacy" without stating that the successful English adaptation was taken from the French play by Victorien Sardou?

Would George Alexander or Arthur Bouchier have left out the name of Henri Bernstein when announcing in the papers their acquired version of "Le Voleur" and "Samson"?—and what would Mr. Sims say if his "Harbour Lights," for instance, had been done into French and he opened a copy of the Paris *Figaro* and saw his own work advertised as if it were that of another author altogether?

Mr. Carpenter, of the Lyceum Theatre, tells me in a letter that he has read with great interest my article in John Bull, and that, as the person mainly responsible for the way these things are announced in the press and elsewhere, he would be glad if I would kindly read the enclosed "day-bills," "bills," and proof of programme, from which I should see he has been careful to announce that "The Two Little Vagabonds" is from the French play "Les Deux Gosses," by Pierre Decourcelle.

Well, I have read them, and certainly on the day-bills and programmes, which are seen by the few, the French author's name does appear, but in the newspaper advertisements, which are read by the multitude, no mention whatever is made of the original writer of "Les Deux Gosses."

Then across the telephone Mr. Carpenter informs me that the extra line for Pierre Decourcelle's name would cost so much more a week and that, after all, the Frenchman's name is, comparatively speaking, an unknown quantity in this country, whereas the names of George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley are a big "draw."

Even if these statements are facts, the fairness of the newspaper announcements must still remain open to serious comment.

Supposing Decourcelle has signed an agreement which deals with the proper advertising of his name on all bills and programmes, surely the "billing matter" referred to relates also to the newspaper advertisements as well, and no argument to the contrary will convince me that when a play is written by one man it is correct to make a statement publicly in print which infers that it is the work of others, and I sincerely regret that Mr. Sims is not of the same opinion as I am over this matter.

But as I have already said, I fancy if he took up a French newspaper and discovered one of his own plays being advertised as "a powerful and human drama" by "Messieurs Chose et Chose" he would feel more inclined than to agree with me over this question than he is now.

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T.H.H.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Just now you cannot attend a dance or play, dine in a house or restaurant, or even go to a card-party without seeing every other woman's head decorated by a fillet, or what some man the other day called a bandage, of coloured ribbon. It is a pretty fashion for both old and young, and as a variety from antique combs or tiaras—or in place of them for those who do not possess such treasures!—it is an absolute boon. But one gets very tired of the everlasting bits of pink and blue ribbon, especially as there as so many artistic ways of decorating these fillets possible to any girl with a needle and a little wit. One very charming design is quite easily copied at home—being simply a yard of silver tinsel ribbon mounted and lightly stitched on to a circle of hat-wire—the flat, wide kind—bent to the head, but not so closely as to crush the hair. Upon this at intervals of about one inch and a half apart, work a round, raised design in silk and "embroidery jewels," securing a rather large stone in the centre, to stand out well. On a dull silver ground the design looks very quaint if worked out in rather dead-coloured gold with a turquoise "jewel" in the centre. Or, on a gold ground, copper colour and emeralds. The principal effect is obtained by keeping the design simple and rather sparsely placed, and the flat "true-lover's" bow of the same ribbon and embroidery looks smarter placed at the back of the head than on the top, as though the fillet tied up the bunch of (indispensable) curls and kept them in place. The varieties of this decoration are infinite—pearls on black, amethysts on green, sapphires on copper-colour, etc. The sole idea being the contrast.

An American Compliment.

The American millionaire's wife who was asked the other day by one of the journals to give her views on English manners has said such pretty things that one feels quite cheered up, in an age of social pessimists like this. She so frankly admires the gracefulness and tact of well-bred Englishwomen, and in particular the melodious gentleness of their voices, and informs us that her country people are every year more and more keen to get English governesses for their children, that this charm may be acquired for them.

Now this is a very kind and pretty thing to say to a nation that has rather a way of insisting unnecessarily on the nasal twang of her own compatriots, and in return it would be nice to be allowed to compliment the American ladies on a most enviable charm of their own—namely, their engaging sociability, their ready, whole-hearted friendliness, their beautiful lack of that hideous social mistrust which freezes so many of our drawing-rooms, and casts a gloom on our dinner parties, more especially in the homes of the professional middle-classes. Here, indeed, a little American good-humour and sparkle would often give us life and new grace. I always think that one of the prettiest customs of the American ladies is that quite established one of sending one another complimentary flowers. It is quite a usual thing, after meeting one of these genial women by chance at someone's party, and having, say, a fascinating talk with her on books or plays or celebrities—and on all these she is an intelligent enthusiast—to find one's table next morning decorated by a sheaf of big lilies, with just a visiting card attached, containing a few cordial words. Surely that is a graceful little "letting go" of kindly interest more attractive than a formal awaiting of our next dull "fourth Tuesday"!

Necks and Notions.

When will some pathologist come forward and explain, once and for all, the eternal connection between collars and ideals, or, to put it more simply, neck-wear and notions? For certainly there is some either occult or physical relation between the two. If you look round any crowded room or assembly it is almost possible to "place" all the individuals pyschically by a momentary study of the things they wear round their necks. This applies to both men and women. For instance, why do all democrats and agitators of either sex wear low collars of some sort, revealing the neck? For some obscure reason this is quite as certain a sign of revolutionary tendencies as a banner saying "*Liberté, egalité, fraternité*" would be. On the other hand, all lovers of established authority instinctively gravitate towards high collars, as, for instance, the uniforms of Army officers and pretty well all uniforms down to a policeman's. Even the clerical collar will distinctly show, by its gradations in height, the degree of reliance on authority affected by its wearer: for you can always tell a Low Churchman by his low-cut cravat, if by nothing else, whilst his High brother stiffens into the "jam-pot."

And look at women. See the artists, designers, journalists, lecturers at a woman's club which professes to be good-humouredly Bohemian in tone, and look in vain for the high-boned "choker" of fashion. Everyone's collar shows a neck. On the other hand, the formalist society dame of public position would refuse to be seen in the evening dress without her high pearl "dog-collar" or serried ropes of diamonds. One has come to connect it with her personality. The Suffragist leaders nearly all wear low-cut, hand-embroidered collars to their dresses, but who ever saw a Vicereine, a Bishop's wife, or Madame la Generale so swan-like in attire? There are, of course, infinite shades of distinction shown in the tidiness, fitting capacity, etc., of these things, but the quoted instances will do for the argument. But where is the solution.?

A Working-Girls' Club.

The discourses of some of our Socialist brethren would suggest that the comfortably-off classes are distinguished by a blind and blatant indifference to the well-being of the less fortunate. Such cynics ought to visit the Passmore Edwards Settlement in Tavistock Place. This institution is designed to form a social centre for the spare hours of working lads and lasses; and to help to keep the place attractive a band of young men and women of the wealthier class give time and energy unsparingly. Life is very strenuous to the working girls who form the members—they are tailoresses, machinists, employees in various kinds of workshops, and so on. Their hours are sadly long, and many earn only 7s. or 8s. by a whole week of toil. But for the evening there is the dear Settlement, and whatever their tastes—be they studious or social, athletic, domestic, or musical—those tastes are catered for. The gymnasium is perhaps the source of the most unmitigated joy, and I am bound to confess that these working girls are not only stronger physically, but are more courageous and ambitious in their athletic feats than most wealthier damsels of the same age, with their softer, easier lives. One splendid notion is the way in which these young bread-winners are helped to get away for a real jolly summer holiday. A house is hired at the seaside and they go down in batches, each one paying an amount proportionate to her weekly stipend, while the inevitable deficit is supplied by a fund. Miss Margaret Hayman, one of the most active Settlement workers, organised an excellent entertainment in aid of this fund recently, and gathered together a smart and appreciative audience. The *bonne bouche* was a performance of "Compromising Martha" staged by Miss Kate Rorke, the actress, in which pretty Miss Hayman herself played aged Martha excellently well. In the course of a little speech it was stated that these hard-working girls sometimes assist others even less favoured by Fate, as the Morris dancers had recently given their services in aid of a school for mentally defective children.

Those Beautiful Petticoats.

Since, according to the latest decrees of Parisian *modistes*, our skirts are no longer to cling around our forms with the close embrace of a wet bathing-gown, smart and elaborate petticoats will once more become an essential item in my lady's toilette. Apparently ideas have been simmering in the brains of the designers of tempestuous petticoats during their enforced rest brought about by the reign of the Directoire dress, for the new models are more delightful and fascinating than ever before. Black and white seems a very popular combination, and lace is being lavishly used. One design in white glacé silk had a tunic reaching to the knees placed over a full under-flounce. Bands of inch-wide black velvet came down from the waist at regular intervals, each ending under a large lace appliqué placed half on the flounce, half on the under-frill, thus holding the two together. Another more practical and more ordinary was of white silk, the lower half decorated by a lattice-work of narrow black velvet ribbon, each diamond-shaped space centred by a black lace appliqué. Another style of ornate petticoat—intended only for ballrooms or at least carriage wear—is hand-painted silk. Imagine a firm pink silk of the palest tint, edged by a simple ruching, above which appears a long spray of gloriously painted roses in a deeper shade of pink. A pale blue petticoat showed dog-roses, an olive-green was *chic*, with clusters of ripe cherries and their foliage, while yet another, obviously intended for part of a *trousseau*, was of soft creamy yellow painted with delicate garlands of orange-blossom. Certainly luxury could not go much further, for the work was obviously done by a skilled hand—doubtless the poor artist had in his, or her, time dreamed dreams of artistic triumphs, fame and wealth! One new notion was a petticoat made at the same time as the dress with which it was destined to be worn, and trimmed with similar embroidery. The gown was bright blue face-cloth, the embroidery was Japanese, blue and yellow with a touch of green; the petticoat was dark blue silk with a couple of bands of the Japanese embroidery just above the hem.

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As many provincial readers of this paper complained of having read the advertisement in last issue too late to subscribe, we repeat herewith our Missouri offer positively for the last time. The transactions will be opened at the London closing price of Wednesday, the 11th of August.

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THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL BE CLOSED WEDNESDAY, THE 11th OF AUGUST.

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OUR CAMPAIGN FOR 1909.

INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN MAGNATE.

We dare say we are experts in Yankees (American Railways) and that we know everything about them that can be known. We dare say that we understand the entire Wall Street System better than any one of our competitors, and very often have an occasion to feel that in 3 months we could bring you further than you can get yourself in 3 years.

Nowadays almost everybody has a friend who is a dealer or broker in Stocks and Shares, so we cannot expect that you should give us the preference, unless we actually prove to you that we are often sooner and better informed than other firms. In the end the public will transact their business where the best profits are to be gained and the best conditions to be obtained.

We shall prove to you that our advices are valuable.

A Trust in Missouris: It is our intention to possess in 1909 the largest amount of clients that ever a stockbroker or dealer could boast of, and we will realise this fact through our **Missouri Trust.** We will force you to a certain degree, at least once, to give us an order and to form your own opinion about our method of dealing and the capacities of our correspondent.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

"Don't be a Bear on America," J. Pierpont Morgan said. "That man who is, goes broke."

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OUR PROPOSITION.

A Trust in Missouris (For every Thousand Dollars you must send £2—and the estimated profit is £45—in 3 months.)

Condition 1st. All Missouri shares are opened at the London closing price of Wednesday, the 11th of August, which quotations are controlled by almost every English paper (Globe, Daily Telegraph, Financial News, Financial Times, &c., &c.). Suppose the closing price in London should be 42¾—43¼, then is the buying price 43¼ nett, which means naturally without you paying any further commission or other expenses. If you sell or buy according to tape prices and yet have to pay commission you are paying too much.

A Daily Newspaper, from which you are able to ascertain these prices exactly, is sent you free of charge with every order.

2nd. All transactions will be closed the same date at London closing price, i.e., three months after the Trust opens, i.e., Thursday, 11th November, 1909, and all profits, without any limit, will be returned with the two pounds of your investment.

3rd. If on Thursday, 11th November, 1909, there would have been no profit made, the transaction will be kept open for the next 3 months, i.e., Friday, 11th February, 1910, without any further margin. We hope it is now quite clear to you that the worst that can happen, is that the closing quotation in London on 11th February, 1910, is 1 per cent. or more under the quotation of 11th August, 1909, and then, and only then, would your loss be £2, and under no circumstances more than the two pounds remitted.

4th. Every buyer receives a stamped contract informing the purchaser that if necessary we keep the account open for 6 months, and that the entire responsibility of the buyer is limited to the £2 invested.

OUR CORRESPONDENT PREDICTS:

A boom in Yankees in 1909, and quotations for the different shares never surpassed. Please keep in mind that the same correspondent, after an interview with one of the best-known American financiers, has sent to our clients, on December 11th, 1908, the following telegram: "Advise immediate purchase Chesapeake Common. Do not delay until after Christmas, but follow our advice at once and you will continue to deal with us. Margin returned with profit; inside information in hand." Chesapeake were at that time 58½ and are now 78½, so those who have followed our advice will not have forgotten this.

We are convinced that through our Missouri Trust we will enlist and retain you as one of our clients.

On Wednesday, 4th August, the Subscription will be closed. If you wish to become a participant in the trust please send by return post the attached application form, with your name and address and the amount of Two Pounds to:—

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NORFOLK	£2	BALTIMORE AND OHIO	£4	STEEL PREF.	£4	NEW YORK CENTRAL	£6

The money to be remitted is mentioned behind each share. If you do not subscribe in the Missouri Trust, please change the application form accordingly.

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This book, compiled by a leading financial expert, will be sent gratis and post free to every one subscribing in one or more of the Trust.

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A careful perusal of these pages will enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the different methods in which to open an account.

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USE THIS FORM. J.B.

I buy thousand dollars Missouri, Kansas and Texas Common Shares on the London closing price of Wednesday, the 11th day of August, and further on the conditions as mentioned in your advertisement, for which I enclose £2, with the understanding that my entire risk is limited to this amount.

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ADDRESS .....

If you will send a larger amount, please make the form out accordingly. For instance: If you wish to make out the form for 5,000 dols., you must remit £10. You can also REMIT BY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE.

MORE of these forms can be obtained by application to our offices or by writing.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Hasn't M. Blériot taken the wind out of Mr. Latham's sails?

Was the Budget suspended because everybody is saying, "Hang it!"?

In conceding four more *Dreadnoughts*, isn't the Government "laying down" arms?

Apropos the new vessels to be laid down, how many of the old are laid up?

Won't it be "Try-Angle-lar cricket" on our present form?

Do the Socialists who attack the Czar expect to get much change out of a sovereign?

Has the Duke of Connaught resigned because there was naught to con?

Wouldn't "wetter" be an improved pronunciation of "weather"?

Is the Government "tail" composed of wags?

Won't a coal strike mean a grate loss?

Recommended study for the undesirable alien—deportment.

The Hanover police have put a ban upon excessively long hat-pins. We wish some of *our* fair offenders would go to—Hanover.

The Lincolnshire servant who has been thirty-three years in one employment, evidently knows how to keep her place.

"Baby Commands an Army," says an *Express* heading. Nothing new, for an infant to be in arms.

A cask containing 100 gallons of whisky crashed down a lift shaft at Aberdeen recently. A drop o' Scotch.

"What is a Servant?" asks a contemporary. We have our own definition, but being a family paper——

The *Era* advises the English dramatist to "guard himself against ideas." Apparently he does.

Two teams of "quick cricketers" have been playing at the Travel Exhibition. We are glad to know there are still some left.

A Woking constable has been presented with half-a sovereign from a man he arrested for theft some years ago. Half-a-quid pro quod.

During a recent eviction in Kerry, the police had boiling water squirted at them. Warmly received.

The competitors at a recent angling contest extended nearly three miles. A good fishing line.

The constable convicted of stealing mixed corn at Caterham doubtless now has a rye look.

"An audience always attaches great importance to the clock," says the Duke of Devonshire. They like a good time.

A celluloid shirt front, worn by a Shrewsbury postman, recently caught fire in the street. He must be a warm-hearted fellow.

"Silent Woman," reads a headline. Dead, no doubt.

"Marriage can only be an experiment," says H. A. Mitchell Keays. And an experiment is always a trial.

The suggestion of a poets' camp in the Sahara Desert ought to be warmly supported by every editor in the kingdom.

Cork barbers have offered to shave strikers free of charge. This will make the men more barefaced in their demands than ever.

"Six Thousand Miles for a Bride," reads a heading. The bridegroom must have been a fetching young fellow.

The Gateshead burglars who played cards, drank two bottles of whisky, and had a good supper, are evidently adepts at taking things easily.

The statement that many young women are now employed as law clerks does not surprise us; the fair sex have been taking the law into their own hands pretty freely of late.

A contemporary suggests that English farmers should go in more for pig-breeding. Certainly they might try rasher experiments.

Shorter skirts are predicted for the autumn. Evidently the ladies are determined that the men shall look after them.

A blacksmith, summoned for a trade debt, complained of bad times owing to the motor trade. Of course he has less hoof now.

It is stated that Alderman Beecham has offered £300,000 for the endowment of an English Opera House. How many guinea boxes will it hold?

It is alleged that sweating is going on in the Stationery Office. This must surely be a Civil Service record.

Only bona fide Scotsmen are to be enlisted in Highland regiments in future. Recruits must be up to snuff.

"Whittling Down the Budget," reads an *Express* headline. Well, it was a bit too thick.

Judging by the results at Hurlingham, the English players were up the polo.

Those who have lost their heads over "our decadent sport," will be glad that we have retained the diamond sculls.

Rear-Admiral Jerram was able to mix the white and blue fleets without a "fizz."

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Do not delay! Call if you can. If you can't call, cut out this advertisement and send it to us to-day, and we will mail you the book and sample by return, if you enclose two stamps for packing and postage.
"DAMAROIDS" are to be obtained at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box, or the Special Extra Strong, 11s. per box, which take effect in a few minutes. Call or write, "J. B.," HYGIENIC STORES, LTD., 95, Charing Cross Road, London. Tel.: 13215 Central.

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C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* **when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose.** ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

"A COUNTRY YOKEL" (Tunbridge Wells) says that, according to the *Daily Mail*, Latham said, "Not once did I catch sight of the English Coast," whereas, according to the *Daily Express*, he said, "I could see Dover clear." But these papers are rivals.

W. H. H. (Southall) thanks us for our outspoken comments on the Southall Norwood License Watch Committee. We are always outspoken.

E. A. W. (Stratford) says it is not the ratepayers of Ilford but the advertising contractor who will lose by the stoppage of advertisements of alcohol. We still believe the ratepayers must lose in the long run by this unctuous rectitude.

J. S. (Southwark).—It was very kind of the Commander of H.M.S. *Tyne* to place the ship's pinnaces at the disposal of the public. The watermen should not have been so greedy.

C. D. (London, N.W.) says a great deal of jealousy exists among stamp-dealers. He considers the leading firms honest, but deplores the huge difference between buying and selling prices.

W. H. R. (Borough Road) complains that the Lambeth Guardians refused to allow blind inmates of the workhouse to attend a demonstration in Trafalgar Square. It is certainly a pity that the blind should ever be allowed to become paupers.

F. S. (Birmingham) says the German-made medal sold in Birmingham was not an official one.

L. L. (Greenwich) sends a cutting from the *Field* with a picture of a "pheasant chick with four hind limbs." Must we, then, recall our recent lesson?

MR. A. W. CLARKE (Wisbech) writes, apropos our paragraph in reference to fruit-picking upon his farm, that Buckley owes him 4s. 4½d. railway fare, also 2s. given him to buy food with: he only picked for one day and did not ask for his return ticket, which would have been given him. Some of the other men remarked that Buckley had only come for the ride, was a chronic grumbler and had played the same trick last year upon a neighbouring farm. Mr. Clarke encloses a letter from another of the batch of men working at the time, in which the writer wants to come down again and bring others. As Mr. Clarke says he would have given Buckley his return ticket, the 4s. 4½d. mentioned in his letter is, apparently, not for the journey down.

THE REV. B. E. ROOKE (Witham) thinks our cartoon *re* Divorce was unfair to the Church. He says, "It is not that we would allow divorce to the rich and not to the poor, but that we would like to do away with the Divorce Court altogether." Then why don't the Bishops introduce a Bill for the purpose?

S. C. (Leigh-on-Sea) says that a friend of his recently lost in that place a brooch, diamond shaped, set with pearls. This is causing the lady great trouble, as she attaches special value to the article, it having been given to her for saving a child's life from drowning. S. C. thinks that, if the finder of it saw this appeal, he would return it through us.

A. B. (Highbury) writes: "M. C. B. (Elgin Avenue) asks for brains. He needs them badly. He asks me whether they shall be German, French, Russian or Finnish brains. Considering the urgency of the case, I would suggest to him to take the first he can get."

W. W. J. (Vancouver, B.C.) explains his phrase, "loaded for bear," as follows:—"If a man in this country goes out after bear he is careful to fill the magazine of his rifle to its utmost capacity. This state of fulness describes a man who has imbibed so freely that he has become, as you Londoners say, 'squiffy,' or 'as full as a goat,' or 'as drunk as a lord.'" Now we know.

"A COMPETITOR" sends particulars of the competitions of Messrs. Hodgson and Simpson, Ltd. (Wakefield), and wants to know why they take so long to award their prizes.

W. H. G (Camberwell New Road).—Read Crow on "Qualified Quacks," in an early number of JOHN BULL.

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"A Hampshire Yeoman Farmer" sends us a remarkable letter, written to the *Hampshire Chronicle* by Lord Eversley, on the Budget. One specimen will suffice: "If he be blessed with children, under 16 years of age, he will be entitled, under the Budget, to a deduction *from his income-tax payments* of £10 for each child. If, therefore, he has one such child, his payment of income-tax will be reduced from £14 16s. to £4 16s., and if he has two children he will pay nothing." As a matter of fact, we presume that, in the opinion of Lord Eversley, the citizen in question would be entitled to claim £5 4s. from the State. His Lordship was once a Liberal Cabinet Minister.

"Disgusted" (London) wants to know why the L.C.C. sold fourteen steamers for less than the price of one. We agree that business men are wanted on that body.

Mr. Coen, Tobacconist (88, Piccadilly), says he did not supply the present Crown Prince of Italy (born 1904) with cigarettes, but his father, when he was Crown Prince, and stayed at Dorchester House.

M. S. H. (Norwich) says a Labour Member on board ship used to go about without socks, and kick off his shoes at dinner. Perhaps he was simply shaking the dust off his feet.

M. C. F. (Dover) complains that two deliveries of letters were knocked off without warning on the occasion of a "trade holiday." What does Mr. Buxton say?

M. R. (Northampton) writes: "I would as lief place a wreath upon the grave of a cold-blooded murderer as cherish the memory of a thrice-dyed villain like Calvin the Burner."

William Wileman, author of a life of Calvin, writes to defend his hero, whom he represents as a champion of religious liberty. But does Mr. Wileman desire religious liberty for all?

C. G. (Holloway) objects to the phrase "our national expenditure in spreading the Gospel abroad," arguing that not one in ten supports foreign missions, which are therefore not a national undertaking. He denies that missionaries have provoked unrest and sedition in India.

C. R. C. T. (Bedford) doubts the usefulness of the Horspool Vocal Academy (New Oxford Street), which has been puffed by W. T. Stead in the *Review of Reviews*, as useful for curing stammerers. Our correspondent offered £25 for a charity if Horspool or Stead could produce a cure, but Stead did not even trouble to answer him. We never thought much of Mr. Stead's judgment.

C. B. C. (Dewsbury), apropos our recent reference to the new Inspector of Mines, thinks if we can "ferret out" the relationship between "Mr. Redmayne or his wife and the Premier or his wife," we shall be enlightened as to the appointment. We will set our ferrets to work.

R. F. H. (Shrewsbury) says there was no controversy between Anglicans and Roman Catholics about the funeral of a fisherman, but between the man's relatives and the Roman clergy.

P. R. (Sunderland) and Others.—We have put our printer into quarantine for dropping the initial "s" in shares, but he refuses to eat our biscuits.

"A Broth of a Boy" (Dublin) wishes to know Jim Crow's nationality He is a mongrel.

R. J. G. (Hackney). No, the Conscription Bill, had it passed the Lords, would have required ratification by the Commons and Royal assent in the usual way. It does not matter in which House a Bill originates.

W. G. J. (Acton Hill) taunts "Fairplay" with not knowing that "practically all Wesleyan ministers are total abstainers." From what? Good luck to them.

J. C. T. (Rotton Park, Birmingham).—The cutting in question was sent in to us and we suppressed nothing, deliberately or otherwise. Jim Crow says that the name of your park is a very appropriate address.

A. L. (Belgravia) asks if it is correct to say "he use not to be" or "he usen't to be." Toby or not toby, that is the question. Why not ask a policeman?

H. F. B. (Dudley) wants to know what will happen to Jim Crow when the League is formed. He has already applied to be Treasurer and Auditor.

A. G. (New Cross).—Do not trouble to send us your system even "in confidence." The only racing system is to be a layer, not a backer.

A. M. (I. of Ely).—Your cryptogram about Crow is worthy of Bacon.

"Steve" sings:

> "Nelson, Collingwood, Greville, such men
> Have compeers yet, and will have them again."

Where and when?

J. S. (Brixton Road).—What is the weight of your own feather-brain, by the way?

"Fair Play" winds up some anonymous drivel by saying "I trust you are not in the pay of Germany." Of course we are. Our real name is Johann Ochs.

"Caribert" (Milan) is disgusted that he cannot buy a copy of us there. What a benighted hole!

H. C. (Denbigh Terrace) sends us a letter which was a bit too public for the local press. Unfortunately it is a bit too local for us.

Dr. Rooke writes angrily from Switzerland to say that he extracted *malted* milk from his cousin Jim Crow's jugular vein. As he professes to be unacquainted with us, it is strange that he should diagnose Crow's case so convincingly.

"Crowite" (S. Tottenham).—We do not quite follow your point about Crow entering a 'bus with his collar up to his ears. Why should he, poor dog? But we gladly print your modest request and hope you will have a litter: "I know you receive some queer requests, so here is one which I trust you will do me the favour to publish in your Chat Column. The point is I require a dog, *gratis*; nothing like asking you know. Don't ask don't get, lose nothing either way. I should prefer a dog, a terrier, or John Bull dog (young), nothing smaller than a fox-terrier and not one as large as a mastiff. Anyway will you see what your readers are giving away. It will have a good home and master, no fear of that." Why not invite Jim for the week-end?

Mrs. M. W. (Penrith).—Alas! biscuits are, like charities, their own reward.

A. S. (Lambeth).—We are very sorry for you, but we do not see how we can dictate to a firm as to the choice of its workmen.

H. F. I. (Tufnell Park) wants to know of a home where his paralysed father can be placed. He is prepared to contribute towards the cost of maintenance, but dislikes having the old gentleman at home, as, if he married, it would be like asking his wife to become a sick nurse.

D. L. (Montreal).—Too late. Pity you live so far away.

S. G. N. (Clacton-on-Sea).—We note that Dr. Turtle Pigott has benefited from his stay at Karlsbad, but we remember nothing about his old clothes.

"Law" (London).—Nunquam mera. Quicunque curat?

"Traveller."—Sorry to hear the rain came through the roof of your railway carriage. How do you know it was rain? We hope you did not get wet.

E. J. (Penzance).—We note that, according to the *Cornishman*, nuns devote themselves to "wood works."

"The Spotter."—We spotted the daily paper's twaddle about the young man who was attracted from British Columbia to Cornwall by a girl's photograph.

F. A. (Glasgow) is disappointed by the result of a competition in the *Scottish Weekly Record*, and can obtain no answer from the editor. Probably it was one of the rules of the competition that no correspondence could be entered into.

A. S. (Swansea).—Why should a miniature not be full-length?

F. E. (Brixton Road).—We mistrust persistent advertisers of bankruptcy stock, but the fact of their persisting for years does not prove dishonesty. Rather the contrary, perhaps. Many people go bankrupt in process of time.

J. B. (Waunarhydd ?).—The Psycho-Success Club of New York will do more for your psychology than your success. Better join the John Bull League and live happily ever after.

D. K. (Govan) regrets the recent absence of Jim Crow, and thinks Jim's critics must be deficient in humour. He wants Jim to write about Scotland, but adds, "I think Jim is Scotch himself, or at least if he is not he ought to be." Jim is only Scotch in the matter of whisky. He has never been to Scotland and never writes on topics he has not studied, but we hope to pack him across the border before long without a return-ticket.

H. B. (Ramsgate) sends an advertisement for gasfitters wanted at £3 a week. The philanthropist who makes this offer ("Sec," 69, Westbury Avenue, Wood Green) formerly required £15 cash security, but has gradually come down to £6. Evidently gas-fitters are not such mugs as he fancied.

E. M. (Lambeth).—Most public houses are in the hands of the brewers, who have put up prices in consequence not only of the increased licence duties, but also of the increased duty on the actual brewing. They have probably also taken into consideration an anticipated reduction in trade. Of course, one of the chief objections to this class of taxation is that it always tells against the consumer.

L. A. D. (Abbey Wood).—It is difficult to define "pure beer," but we do not think you would run any risk by a moderate consumption of that which is produced by any of the leading breweries.

J. W. O. (Hinckley).—You must cheer up and wait for our Editor's Divorce Law Reform Bill.

"Canny Geordie" (Durham) is inclined to agnosticism and asks if he could conscientiously perform the duties of best man at a Christian wedding. If he only attended ceremonies which he believed to be true, he would never go to an opera or theatre.

H. J. A. D. (Bow) sends more particulars of railway vagaries as to fares.

E. T. (Streatham) read in the *Daily Mail* about an orchid show and found the information that a flower "was obtained by Messrs. Sander by the transference of pollen from one flower to another." He thinks it too bad to give away priceless secrets like that!

"Mater" (Barrow) wants to know of an institution where two children could be placed while their widowed mother goes out to service.

"Almost" (Shanghai) thinks that Mrs. Bull writes piffle and that we have too many short stories. Now we know what it is to be Shanghaied.

G. R N., late of Winchelsea, is earnestly requested to communicate with his brother. News may save mother's life.

F. A. S. (Sheffield), whom we referred to on July 17th as having paid for the gratification of having answered the tailoring advertisement of J. N. Masters, Ltd., Rye, was, we since find, refunded the whole of his money on June 17th, as he declined to give the particulars necessary to justify the firm in giving him credit. F.A.S. should have given us these facts in the first instance.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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Dear Sirs,

I am writing to let you know that I secured an appointment with the Milner Safe Co., Ltd., Liverpool, on June 23rd through the kindness of the Birkenhead Branch of the Students' Aid Department. I should not have thought it possible that the Representatives of the district would have been able to have done so much for me, considering the short period I have been with the I.C.S. I feel greatly indebted to the Schools' Representatives for the able manner in which they have helped me, as the state of work in this district is so bad. It is solely due to my being an I.C.S. Student that I have been so fortunate, and it only proves what your Representative told me.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) VICTOR BARROW.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

Experience Proves It.

How true it is that owners simply *must* "come racing" in regard to making their future arrangements. It is practically impossible to do this satisfactorily by wire—and nothing equals the positive facts fixed by *seeing* one's trainer and jockey.

Non-Starters.

It is remarkable how people, time after time, come to see the "racing army" off to a meeting without in the least intending to go there themselves. And there are again a few stragglers to meet them on arrival back at the terminus at night.

A Contrast.

How very differently people look upon a meeting when they go to it as a regular thing and as a matter of business to when they are holiday making in the neighbourhood and visit the racecourse as a sort of picnic outing—say at Goodwood.

A Curious Characteristic.

Llangwm always gives one the impression of being lazy—those who look and act like this are invariably good horses. But in his stable, too, Llangwm is extremely "sleepy," in fact, Hartigan says dozes more than any horse he has ever heard of.

A Lightweight for India.

I have just sent out to India to ride for one of the Indian potentates, little A. Thoburn, who served his time with R. Marsh, at Egerton House, Newmarket and frequently rode the lightweights for the stable. The chance is an excellent one for the boy, who would have only been one of the many lightweights here who are continually "standing down."

Looking High.

A correspondent abroad has asked me to see if a price would be put upon Cocksure II. or Glacis, but I am afraid that Lord Derby will not sell. It is only natural that when a good sportsman obtains a useful horse for which one might seek a lifetime in vain, no mercenary advantages would induce parting with him.

A Wheeze.

There are some owners who purposely keep one or two animals in training for the express purpose of being entitled to pose as supporters of racing, and thereby claim free annual passes from different executives. As a fact, what they thus save is two or three times what it costs them to keep an odd animal, that seldom competes, in training, apart from the chance they have of winning a stake with it.

A Little-known Fact.

It is not generally known that the auctioneer takes all the risk as regards the sale of horses if he accepts cheques in payment; and what other could the auctioneer do? Mr. Arthur Stevens has been "let in" three times of late, and I certainly think that executives, or even the owners themselves, should anyhow take a proportionate part of the risk, for the 2½ per cent. commission an auctioneer receives does not warrant it.

Prophetic.

A big week's sport half over. In the Brighton Handicap to-day (Thursday) I should not think of looking beyond

Putchamin.,

who is a man's horse. At Hull, Marathon II. must surely win at last, and the unlucky Orquil may find the Northern company poorer in Saturday's Haydock Park Handicap. Dependant upon how they have fared in the interim, Bristle or Lady Ormonde may take the De Warrenne Handicap at Lewes, where Saturday's Handicap is good for the home-trained

Eaton Lad.

If saved for it, nothing would beat

Tom Wedgwood.

for Monday's Nottingham Handicap, whilst—if she gets off—Aubergine in Kempton's Greenwood Handicap, has only Bellatrix to conquer.

Mr. Henry C. Stephens informs us that pedlars have been calling at offices and houses in the suburbs, and in towns near London, offering what they describe as "Stephens' Ink." They have obtained a quantity of the genuine old bottles and have refilled them with a worthless decoction bearing no resemblance to ink. Mr. Stephens desires to state that he employs no pedlars or house to house canvassers, and that he only supplies his ink to the public through the retail trade.

DAILY 'DOUBLE' INDICATOR

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The following are "results" from Saturday, July 10, to Friday, July 23.

	July 17, **PEACH**, 100-14 won.	**CRUSADER**, 6-1 won.
	July 19, **ARGADIA**, 5-1 won.	**SMUGGLER**, 5-1 won.
	July 20, **EUDORUS**, 2-1 won.	**NEBULY**, 5-1 won.
A	July 21, **CECIL FRAIL**, 100-8 won.	**ESPANITA**, 4-1 won.
BIG	July 22, **FAITHFUL DON**, 5-1 won.	**GERA**, 4-1 won.
RUN	July 23, **WELL DONE**, 5-1 won.	**FOND MEMORIES**, 6-1 won.
OF	July 24, **MARGRESSA**, 5-2 won.	**JOHN SPLENDID**, 6-4 won.
BIG	July 27, **SERAPHINE**, 10-1 won.	**NYMETTUS**, 2nd.
WINS.	**LAGOS**, 6-1 won.	**DANDY BIRD**, 9-1 won.
	July 29, **CARROUSEL**, 6-2 won.	**BERNARD**, 33-1 2nd.
	July 30, **LOUVIGNY**, 10-1 2nd.	**SUCCOUP**, 7-1 won.

"ONE OF MANY PATRONS" writes: "I only commenced on Saturday, July 17th, and with a few half-crowns won on that day over £32 clear profit. It is a clever idea."

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The following claims have been received for the issue of June 19th:—

Mr. C. A. GOLDSWORTHY, 217, Sayer Street, New Kent Road, S.E. (No. 158463.)

Mr. G. BURT, 33, Muccleshell Road, Winton, Bournemouth. (No. 90004.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 3rd:—

316; 3816; 11240; 17763; 19619; 24236; 31294; 31799; 33872; 34169; 38222; 54840; 57410; 59711; 63589; 64384; 69667; 88883; 88942; 94441; 99429; 108291; 112472; 119184; 128640; 129128; 150772; 150929; 154581; 158648; 160585; 164064; 170671; 177517; 184300; 188581; 197121; 201909; 203547; 211315; 240186; 244829; 255417; 256880; 268110; 274500; 275147; 277139; 284947; 291694.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 11th (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 9th.)

"Looking a bit glum, old chap. What!"

"Huh! Found a Winner at 100 to 1. Got paid 25's by my man, as 'his Limit.'"

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